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THE QUEEN AT THE FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE: LAYING A WREATH ON THE COFFIN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A ladies' newspaper, the best possible authority for such a piece of information, informs us that "the chaperon is declining." For my part, I wonder that she did not decline (to act) long ago. One is glad to hear that she has "a kick in her, left," which has thus enabled her to give warning after the endurance of so many indignities. A more thankless task than hers has never been imposed on woman. Men, of course, would never have stood it. I once knew an uncle, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, offered to escort his nieces to a ball; they were motherless, and had no female friend at hand to perform that office for them; he was a kindly and impulsive old fellow, and, though long past his dancing days, his generosity still moved "by leaps and bounds." "I'll take you myself," he said, "rather than you should miss it. I'll take care of you. Why should not Chanticleer for once look after the chickens?" The girls said, "You darling!" He seemed to them more like an angel than the feathered fowl to which he had likened himself; but he thought but lightly of his self-sacrifice; he didn't know what it involved, and they did. Chanticleer arrived with his precious charges in the highest spirits; crowded about them to his hostess (whose smile of pity he little understood), and strutted around with a sense of dignified responsibility. This was at ten p.m. I saw him five hours afterwards, his white tie limp, his wig awry, crestfallen, bedraggled, dazed, like the beaten bird after a cock-fight. He had made an effort to get his brood away at two a.m., but it had failed—

U was the Uncle who thought we'd be going.

V was the Voice which the niece replied "No" in;

and after that he had utterly collapsed. They knew that they would never get Chanticleer again to play the hen bird, and they made the most of him. He didn't swear (it took him two days and a night to recover strength for that), but bemoaned himself in the most pitiful fashion. "You have no idea," he whispered, "what a chaperon suffers! You may 'cluck' till you're dumb, but they take no notice, and they are all over the place in no time. 'Lindie [he pointed to his niece, Belinda] has passed the night on the stairs; Agatha, in the conservatory, listening to a young under-gardener—he looks like it, at least—and she assures me he talked of nothing but orchids! I have been on my legs for four mortal hours. There is a rubber of whist in the china-closet yonder, but I thought it would be neglecting my duty to play. I have been three times down to supper, not that I could touch a bit; but to look after Euphemia, who has been there since twelve o'clock with the same man. He must be a glutton or have been lately shipwrecked. Jemima I have not seen at all since we came: she has probably eloped. I don't care! I am almost out of my mind with fatigue and misery!" Poor old fellow! Jemima really had eloped, justly concluding that she would never get a better opportunity; and my poor friend was always said to have scandalously neglected his duty in not having prevented it. What he went through is, more or less, what every chaperon has to endure: what is expected of her is a ceaseless vigilance, an accurate perception of the intentions of every partner and the fullest information as to his means; an instinct, almost equal to genius, of when to observe and when to abstain from observing ("when to look and when not to look"); and, after all, she gets no thanks for it. Of course her office is nominally a high and responsible one; it has even been embalmed in verse, though in a very injurious way:—

C was the Chaperon who cheated at cards;

a monstrous indictment, for she is not permitted to join the card-table.

It is noteworthy how much less technical the medical journals are becoming, and how they offer advice gratis to the public respecting the management of its health. Perhaps they have been induced to do so by the institution of medical departments in the weekly newspapers, many of which now keep a doctor on the premises, who recommends the best remedies for everything, from gumboils to leprosy, in reply to a written statement of your case "inclosing a penny stamp." It is not necessary, however, to look into motive. Let us rather congratulate ourselves that Science is becoming intelligible. She even condescends to treat of "leisure" and "temper," as important factors in the sum of human health. Instead of dissertations on the office of the liver—a highly respectable one, no doubt, but of no more general interest than that of the Lord Mayor's Swordbearer—she tells us what puts it out of office (i.e., all wrong), which is what we want to know. Morality is all very well, but the consequences of transgressing it are comparatively remote; whereas, if a man once understands that flying into a passion produces indigestion at once, he will put a restraint upon himself, and become bland. It is useless, and even dangerous (like the elder Mr. Weller's habit of laughing inwardly), to bottle-up his wrath (he had much better let it explode than that); he must not allow himself to be "put out" by little matters at all. A poet, we are told, is born, and not made; but almost everybody can become a philosopher who gives his mind to it. It is easy to say, "My temper is what is called 'short,' you know, because it's over in a moment." But that is not why it's called "short"; and though you (and even the little man you have knocked down while it lasted) may soon forget it, it is recorded (the medical journal now informs us) on your liver. Upon that, as on an ivory tablet (the "lily liver"?), is inscribed every ebullition of temper—nay, every revengeful thought sticks there (like a luggage label), as Calais is said to have stuck to the heart of Queen Mary.

The importance of leisure is not less insisted upon. Unlike temper (which always means bad temper, though humour, curiously enough, stands for good humour), it is of course an antidote, not a poison. There is, indeed, no such remedial agent in the whole pharmacopoeia, nor one so much neglected.

But it must not be confounded with idleness. Of course there are some people who are born idlers; who can put up their legs in a railway carriage, and "think of nothing" for twelve hours; or can lie on the beach, with their wideawake tilted over their eyes, and drowse away whole afternoons. But as a rule it is dangerous to advise a jaded man to do nothing; after a few days of it, he looks longingly at the hat-pegs in his lodging at the seaside, and wonders whether his braces will bear him. He must have an occupation of some sort, besides making "ducks and drakes" in the water with flat stones. One is glad to find that writers on medical matters at last begin to perceive this. Where they are still in darkness is in attributing so much evil to overwork. Brain-pressure, as they call it, is very seldom caused by overwork. No man who has any brains worth speaking of will endeavour to force work out of them when exhausted, any more than he will spur a panting and stumbling horse; he knows that it is utterly useless. The picture of a man burning the midnight oil, with a wet towel tied round his head, is the portrait of an idiot. What he does under such conditions is absolutely profitless, besides, of course, being harmful to the last degree. Let him go to bed, and work in the morning. Persons even of ordinary intelligence do not outrage nature and common-sense in this way. What brings the brain-worker to the piteous pass in which we so often find him, is not overwork, but worry—generally in the form of the creditor. Physicians are then in vain; he wants the banker (who will see him hanged first). The best advice for him—and it is very cold comfort one must admit—is to restrict his expenses; to take still less out of his scanty purse, and live on less; he must deny himself even the poorest pretence of prosperity: that course alone can reach the seat of his malady. It is to this unhappy wretch that the jovial doctor says, "My dear fellow, you must take a holiday, what is the matter with you is overwork." It is nothing of the kind; it is the butcher and his unpaid bill.

For that exhaustion of the frame which affects so many old people under the present conditions of society Science has really discovered a new remedy. The panacea is simplicity itself, but none the less efficient upon that account—an occasional "day in bed." There are few professional men, and not many men of business, who, when they have passed middle life and attained competence, are not in a greater or less degree the victims of Fashion. They are dragged out to so-called amusements and entertainments, when Nature bids them seek repose. After dinner-parties, themselves of a sufficiently oppressive kind, the claims of duty to their children take them to crowded assemblies where there is a great deficiency of chairs—if the hostess is very popular, they can't even sit on the stairs. After a day passed in chambers or the office, these evening delights begin to tell upon gentlemen on the wrong side of fifty. It is no wonder that they feel weary and "shaky on their pins." You can't burn the candle at both ends when there is only a little of it left. For these cases—which are numerous—a "day in bed" occasionally is found to have a recuperative effect; it saves them from the necessity of "running down" to Brighton, by preventing them "running down" at all. Doctors who do not dispense their own medicines are all in favour of it. It only remains for society to set an approving seal upon it. Let me respectfully suggest that as ladies have their "at home" days for receiving their female friends, gentlemen of mature years should have their "day in bed," once a fortnight or so, for the reception of visitors of their own sex. Not that one would limit it to those by any hard and fast line; in the grand days of the French Monarchy the King received everybody in his sleeping-apartment; there are many ladies now-a-days who have quite divested themselves of all prudish scruples; visiting the sick (and why not the weary?) is, I am glad to say, a common practice; but the cards with "day in bed" sent out to friends should be addressed, of course, to the male head of the family.

I suppose it was upon the principle that "one must stop somewhere" that the will of the gentleman who left £750 a year the other day for the maintenance of his hounds and horses, was disputed; no one ever disputes a legacy to be applied to the needs of a single horse, or a dog, or a magpie. But the case of a pack of hounds and a stud of horses is, no doubt, a little different, and the income in question was worth fighting for against the whole brute creation. However, there was plenty of property besides for the human, so I conclude no actual wrong was done to anybody; and it does seem hard that a man may not provide for the dumb animals he loves—at the expense, perhaps, only of some second cousin whom he doesn't care twopence about. It is common, and I hope not wrong, to prefer one's faithful dog—"the off and on companion of our walks," the fireside friend, whose welcome to us never grows weary—to the relative whose "distance" really does enhance his attractions. Our canine friend never bores us; if he is sometimes importunate it is certain that affection alone causes him to be so; our society is agreeable to him, we are well assured, for its own sake; he will miss us when he sees our vacant chair. Of how few human beings can we say as much? It is natural enough that a man should wish to place his four-footed friend beyond the reach of want or ill-treatment. But the testamentary provision for a whole pack of hounds does not (like them) "run on all fours" with this sentiment. The bequest is too general, and looks less like benevolence than antagonism. There was a clause in this will that an end was to be made of any dog or horse whose life should become a burthen to him by reason of age, disease, or infirmity. It would be curious to see a trustee deciding the delicate question as to whether one of his wards should be shot or poisoned. It is suggested that now these animals have become annuitants they will attain a fabulous age. This will be rather a trial of patience to the heir-at-law. Many men have seen their fortune go to the dogs, but very few have seen it come back from them again.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Mr. Goschen has delivered himself of his Budget; and the first oasis of the Session has, happily, been reached. In moving the adjournment of the House of Lords for the Easter vacation on the Eleventh of April, the Marquis of Salisbury resembled Charles Lamb—with a slight difference. If the Premier proposed that their Lordships should rise earlier than the Commons, he offered amends by making the holidays of the Upper House a day longer than those of hon. members. "Breaking-up" with much of the gusto of school-boys—Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Balfour being not the least light-hearted, it may be taken for granted—the House of Commons parted on the Sixteenth, to meet again on the Twenty-ninth of April. Such is the devotion of a goodly number of our deputies, however, to duty that they determined to carry on their Parliamentary "plan of campaign" on the public platform in lieu of making the Recess a breathing-time for rest, reflection, and recreation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's financial statement on the Fifteenth of April appears to have given general satisfaction. Mr. Goschen's elaborate but clear and masterly speech lacked the one great listener, who used in years gone by to charm the House by his wonderful Budget orations: Mr. Gladstone had flitted from town to Hawarden Castle. That the right hon. gentleman should have been able to provide for the extraordinary expenditure on the Navy as well as the large grants to the new County Councils without imposing any fresh taxes of importance was an agreeable surprise to the House.

The Budget carefully unfolded by Mr. Goschen occupied two hours and forty minutes in delivery. Its pith can be briefly conveyed. Cheers naturally welcomed the statement that there was a surplus of £2,798,000 from the past financial year. But, inasmuch as the total expenditure for the coming year was computed at £86,967,000 and the revenue at £85,050,000, Mr. Goschen had to provide for a deficiency of £1,917,000. This deficit was easily made good. In the first place, a million would be available from his Conversion scheme; then a slight addition of one per cent death duty on all estates reaching the value of £10,000, it was reckoned, would yield £800,000; and, lastly, the increase of the tax on beer by about one fourteenth part of a penny would supply £300,000; leaving the Chancellor of the Exchequer £83,000 on the right side of the ledger. It will be admitted that, on the whole, Mr. Goschen thoroughly merited the congratulations bestowed upon him.

The news of Mr. John Albert Bright's election to the seat rendered vacant in Birmingham by the lamented death of his illustrious father was received with marked pleasure on the Unionist benches during the brief debate on the Budget.

The Government raised a hornet's-nest round their heads through the introduction by Baron Henry De Worms of the Sugar Bounties Bill. The Baron is of handsome and commanding presence; he has a happy conceit of himself, and a bland and pleasant delivery; and his favourite song is, doubtless, "Oh, fond Trade! oh, Fair Trade!" Time was when Mr. Goschen (who occupied the uncomfortable position of Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Ministerial bench behind his colleague) would have writhed to hear the doctrines of Protection advocated with aplomb thus late in the century. But the right hon. gentleman raised not a word of objection as Baron Henry De Worms complacently recommended to the House his measure to prohibit the import of bounty-fed sugar, on the score that it would encourage sugar industries in our West Indian Colonies and at home, and lead to the re-employment of a number of sugar-bakers. The right hon. gentleman may be credited with a belief in his panacea. But it is possible the clamour raised by a probable rise in the price of sugar, and by the discouragement given to confectioners and jam manufacturers in this country, may in time shake even the sublime belief in himself of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonies.

It may be noted that, ere Mr. Smith's motion for the adjournment over Easter was assented to, a brisk assault-arms took place between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Balfour. This was on the Twelfth of April. Sir Charles Russell had that day closed his magnificent speech for the defence of the Irish Nationalist members before the Special Commission. With his eloquent advocate's earnest and moving peroration yet ringing in his ears, mayhap, Mr. Parnell rose to demand from the Irish Secretary a reply to Mr. Stuart's interrogation—whether a secret circular had been issued to the Constabulary asking for any information that might be forthcoming against the Land League in Ireland. But Mr. Balfour was disinclined to enlighten the hon. member as to the "private" transactions of the Irish Executive. Nor was the right hon. gentleman disposed to admit the accuracy of Mr. Parnell's description of the intensity of the distress in Donegal, the peasantry of which, the Irish Home Rule Leader pleaded, should be helped by the grant of seed potatoes to enable them to sow their crops.

Silvern speech has flowed as copiously as ever since the opening day of the Session. But to what purpose? Little of importance has been done beyond the approval by the Ministerial majority of the Government resolution for the expenditure of twenty-one millions on the Navy; the free voting of more millions in Supply; the lucid introduction by the able Lord Advocate, Mr. James Patrick Robertson, of the measures to extend County Councils to Scotland; and the cracking of Mr. Goschen's satisfactory Easter Egg Budget.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Prince George of Wales have recently become governors of the Officers' Endowment Fund, Corps of Commissionaires. A cheque for £100 in aid of the fund has just been received from General Drysdale, C.B., an old member of the committee.

In the Queen's Bench Division a gentleman sued a house-keeper at Ryde from whom he had taken a house for thirteen weeks, for damages on account of illness in his family owing to defective drainage, &c. The jury found for plaintiff, with £70 damages, for which Mr. Justice Manisty gave judgment.

The Parliamentary papers issued on April 15 included a copy of the Sugar Convention Bill. The object of the Bill is to enable her Majesty to carry into effect a convention with foreign Powers made on Aug. 30, in relation to bounties on the exportation of sugar. Where the fact of the existence in any country out of the United Kingdom of a system involving open or disguised bounties on sugar is established by decision of the majority of the signatory Powers of the Convention, by this Bill it will be lawful for her Majesty, by Order in Council, to direct that all sugar coming from that country shall be prohibited to be imported or brought into the United Kingdom except in transit, and to make regulations requiring the origin of all sugar imported, whether in transit or otherwise, or to be proved by certificate or by such further evidence as the Customs may require. While an Order in Council under the Act is in force, the laws relating to the Customs will apply to all sugar coming from the country named in the Order that is not in transit, and to all sugar, whether in transit or not, the origin of which is not proved.

FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The funeral of her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Cambridge, aunt to her Majesty the Queen, took place on Saturday, April 13. It was attended, at the parish church of Kew, by the Queen, who came with Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of the Duke, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, from Windsor; Battenberg, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters; the Duke and Duchess of Teck (the latter being her daughter, Princess Mary of Cambridge); the Grand Duke and Duchess (another of her daughters) of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The coffin was removed in the morning from St. James's Palace, where the late Duchess died, to Cambridge Cottage, Kew, formerly the residence of herself and her husband. Before it left the palace, a short religious service was performed in the apartments recently occupied by her Royal Highness. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other relatives and friends of the deceased venerable lady, were present. A procession consisting of the simple hearse, without plumes, and two carriages for members of her household, with outriders, conveyed the coffin by the road through the Mall, up Constitution-hill, through Knightsbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnham-green, and over Kew Bridge. It arrived before eleven o'clock, with an escort of the Life Guards, at Cambridge Cottage, where it was laid in the hall. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, with the Duke of Cambridge and other Princes and Princesses, were there; Lord Salisbury, the Home Secretary, Lord Wolseley, Lord Alcester, and Lord Cranbrook, were among the assembly.

At twelve o'clock her Majesty arrived at Kew, with her attendants, and entered the church, preceded by the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain. The coffin, covered with mourning wreaths, was borne from the Cottage to the church by soldiers of the Coldstream Guards, which regiment also furnished the guard of honour, having formerly been commanded by the late Duke of Cambridge, and its band played Chopin's funeral march. The coronet of the Duchess was carried on a black velvet cushion. The mourners, headed by the Duke of Cambridge and his two brothers-in-law, walked behind the coffin.

The interior of the church was carpeted and draped with black cloth. Seats for the Queen and the Princesses were placed in the south transept, close to the choir, with black curtains behind them. The altar had been removed, for the coffin to be drawn through an opening behind the reredos into the mausoleum vault. Above this opening was a large cross of white flowers on a groundwork of ferns, with other floral decorations. The congregation included, besides those already named, gentlemen representing absent members of the Royal family, the German, Dutch, and Danish Ambassadors, and many of the nobility. The clergy engaged in the service were the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. Edgar Sheppard (Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal), and the Rev. W. H. Bliss, Vicar of Kew.

The service was simple; the hymn "Lead, kindly Light," was sung by the choir and congregation, and then the 90th Psalm. The Dean of Windsor read the well-known passage of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Then the hymn "Thy will be done" was sung, at the conclusion of which there was a pause, and her Majesty advanced to the side of the coffin, and, with the assistance of the Lord Chamberlain, placed a beautiful wreath on it. Her Majesty returned to her seat, and the other Princesses paid a similar tribute of affection. The Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal proceeded with the service, during which the wreaths were removed. After some earth had been cast upon the coffin, it was gently drawn along the inclined plane into the mausoleum, a curtain dropping across the opening. The remaining prayers and a hymn ended the service.

Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, returned at once to Windsor. The Duke of Cambridge and the Royal Princes and Princesses passed into the mausoleum, where wreaths from the absent members of the Royal family were arranged about the coffin.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the newly-appointed British Minister to Washington, has left England to take up his office in the United States.

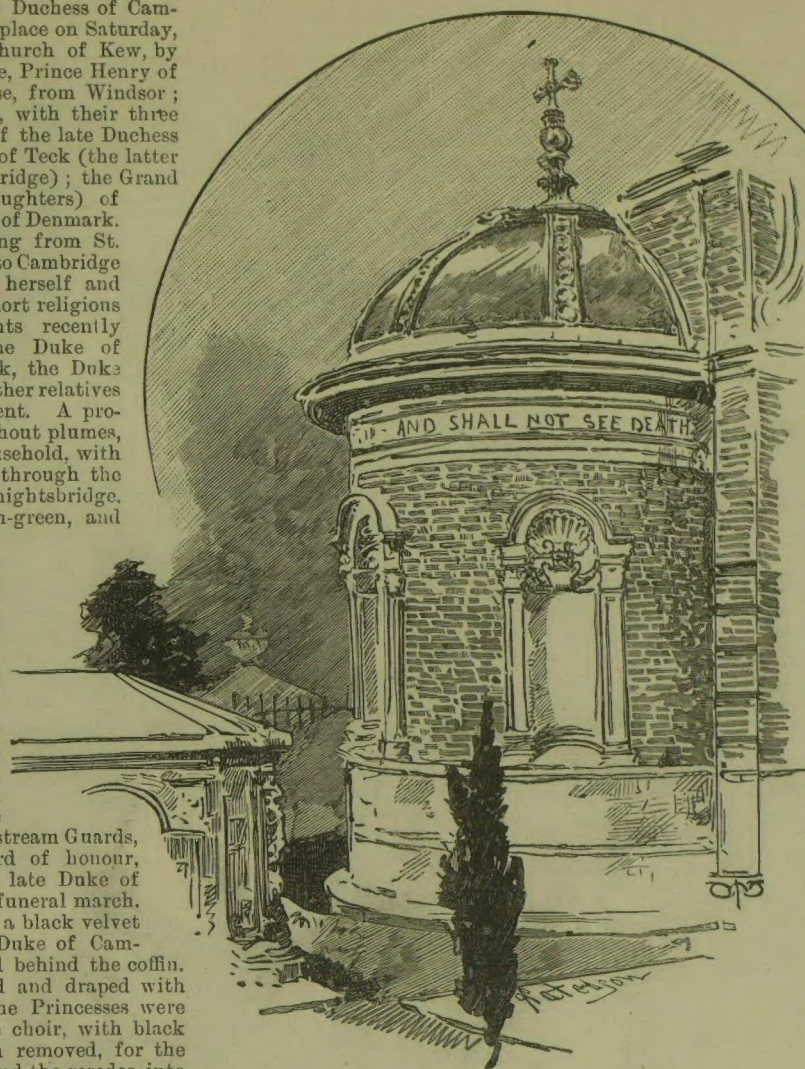
Mr. William Mackintosh, Q.C., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, has been appointed a Judge of the Court of Session, in the room of the late Lord Fraser.

Mr. William Agnew has given £1000 to endow a cot at the Children's Hospital at Manchester; also allowed a further extension of time of his offer of £200 towards a fund of £1000, to be raised for the purpose of sending convalescent children to the seaside.

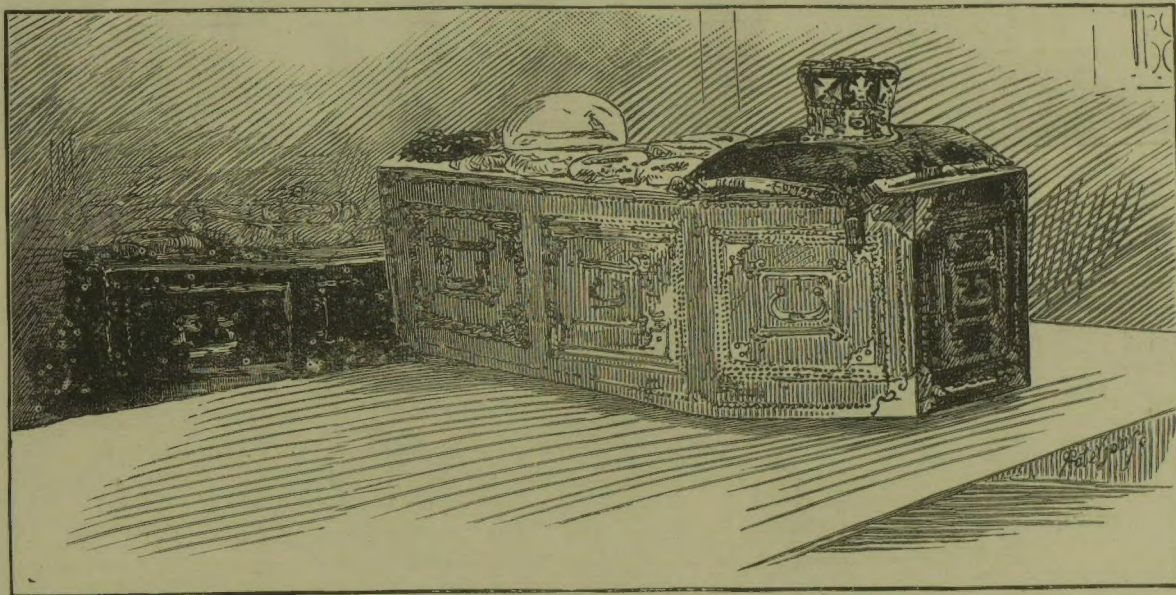
The consecration of Holy Trinity Church, Shoreditch, by the Bishop of London, on April 13, was the fitting termination to a work begun under the auspices of Mr. Osborne Jay, and mainly carried out by funds provided by readers of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods on April 13 disposed of a choice collection of water-colour drawings belonging to the late Mr. Felix Vigne. Jules Breton's "Haymaker" fetched 510 gs. and a landscape by Charles Jacques 140 gs. The day's sale realised £5481.

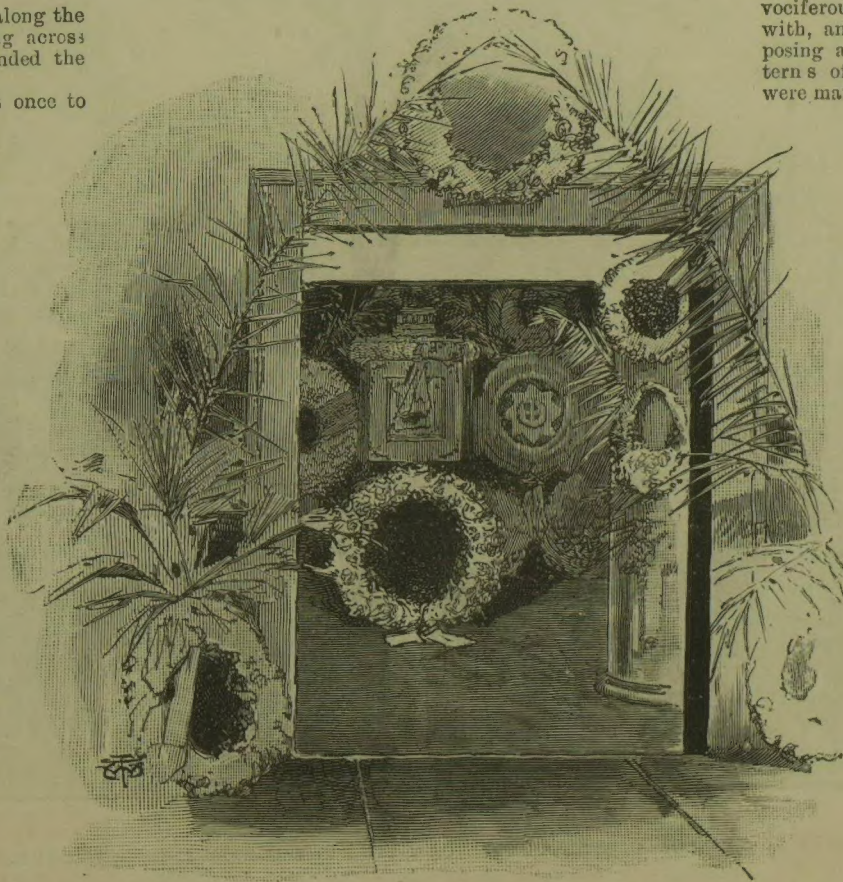
Thousands of acres of land in the valley of the Severn near Gloucester are flooded, and on April 13 the roads were so deeply inundated that boats had to be used. Even vehicles could not be driven along the roads, and much damage has been done. At Gloucester a woman has been drowned.



THE MAUSOLEUM IN KEW CHURCH.



VAULT CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.



THE MORTUARY CHAMBER AT CAMBRIDGE COTTAGE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chambers have adjourned till May 14, after completing the arrangements for the trial of General Boulanger and his friends Dillon and Rochefort before the Senate, constituted as a High Court.

The Empress Frederick, with Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret of Prussia, visited the vault of the Emperor Frederick, at Potsdam, on the morning of April 12, and afterwards spent some time in the Children's Home at her Majesty's farm at Bornstedt. Princess Victoria, who was born in 1866, celebrated her birthday on the same day. The Emperor and Empress, with the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, supped with the Empress Frederick in the evening. Next day the Emperor William left Berlin for Oldenburg, and the Empress Frederick, with her daughters, for Homburg.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria left Budapest, on April 13 for Ischl, where their Majesties will remain until after Easter.

The Hon. R. Dunsmuir, Premier of British Columbia, died on April 12, at the age of sixty-five. The deceased, who was the proprietor of the Vancouver Island Railway and the Wellington mines, was one of the wealthiest and most respected men on the coast.

Serious rioting is reported to have taken place at Georgetown and Charlestown, Demerara, on March 19 and the following days. The riots originated in a report that a negro had been killed by a Portuguese. Special constables were sworn in and the volunteers called out under arms, and several of them were badly hurt; finally, the Governor sent to Barbadoes requesting the presence of a man-of-war, and a few days later H.M.S. Canada arrived and landed a party of 100 marines.

The Viceroy arrived at Simla on April 10. At Lucknow Lady Lansdowne laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital for women. The Viceroy spoke in laudatory terms of the great interest shown in the movement for providing medical aid for women throughout the North-West.—A native gentleman of Bombay has contributed Rs. 10,000 towards the founding of a female dispensary in connection with the Grant medical hospital. The Governor has laid the foundation-stone of a laboratory for scientific and medical research.—Surat has been visited by a most disastrous fire, in which 3000 houses were destroyed.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly, by 45 to 25 votes, have passed a resolution in favour of the payment of members.

At the seventieth sitting of the Parnell Commission on April 12, Sir Charles Russell concluded his able speech for the defence, declaring in his peroration that the inquiry, designed to ruin one man, had been his vindication. In opening the case, he had said that he represented the accused, but he claimed leave to say that the positions were reversed, and that he and those with him were now the accusers and the

accused were opposite to him. He hoped that the inquiry would remove painful misconceptions as to the character, actions, motives, and aims of the Irish people, and hasten the day of true union and reconciliation with Great Britain.—When the Commission resumes its sittings on the 30th, Mr. Parnell will be put into the box.

The annual meeting of the Bar Committee was held in the large dining-hall at Lincoln's Inn on April 13. It was announced some time ago that the Attorney-General would preside, and on this occasion there seemed to be a general intention among members of the Bar, in consequence of passing events, to mark their appreciation of the head of the profession. The result was that the largest number of the English Bar perhaps ever brought together assembled in the hall—more than 600 being present. On Sir Richard Webster taking the chair he received a most enthusiastic greeting, all standing up or mounting on chairs and waving their hats and cheering vociferously. The business of the day was then proceeded with, and on its conclusion, Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, spoke in eloquent terms of Sir Richard Webster, and said that, though there were many differences of opinion amongst them, they were all unanimous in holding the leader of the profession in the highest possible respect, adding that, while he himself was intensely opposed to him on many questions, yet he had great pleasure in proposing the resolution. The resolution was seconded by Sir James Deane, Q.C., and carried by acclamation, the cheers being again and again renewed. Sir Richard Webster briefly replied, and on his leaving the hall the enthusiastic scene witnessed on his entrance was repeated.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has sent to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours (of which she is an honorary member) a drawing entitled "A View of the Pyrenees from Biarritz," which will remain on view until the close of the exhibition, at the end of May.

Mr. Herbert Joyce, Assistant-Secretary at the Post Office, has, it is announced, been appointed Third Secretary in place of the late Mr. C. H. B. Patey. The Assistant-Secretaryship has been filled by the promotion of Mr. J. C. Lamb, who will have complete control of the Telegraphs Department.

The inaugural meeting of the National Home-Reading Circles Union was held on April 13 at the Earl of Aberdeen's house, Grosvenor-square. Lord Aberdeen and the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar successively occupied the chair. The Bishop of London, Dr. Percival (head-master of Rugby), Mr. B. Jones, the Rev. H. P. Hughes, Mr. G. Howell, M.P., the Rev. Canon Barker, and Mr. P. W. Clayden, were among the speakers. The objects of the union are to assist people in educating themselves, to give guidance to those who read at home, to form reading circles, hold summer assemblies in different parts of the country, and publish a periodical for the use of the members.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.



HEARSE LEAVING ST. JAMES'S PALACE FOR KEW.



SOLDIERS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS CARRYING THE COFFIN INTO KEW CHURCH.

THE LATE M. CHEVREUL.

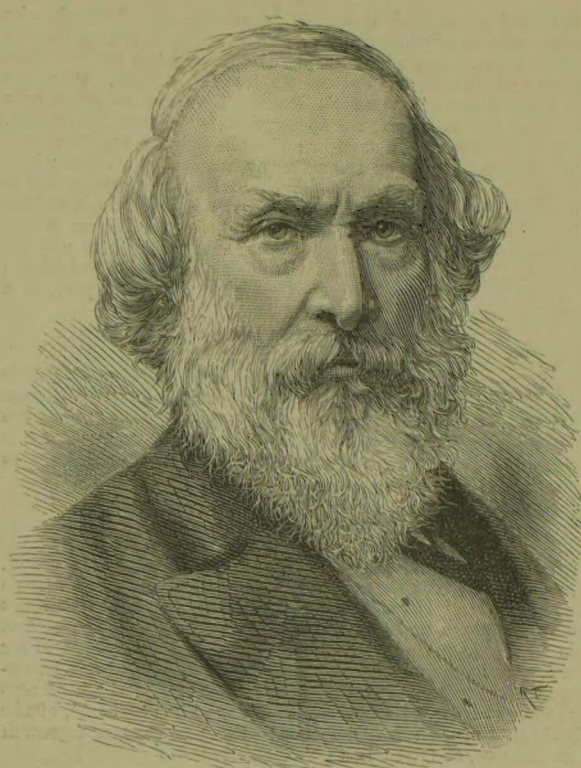
In commenting recently on a new book entitled "Modern Methuselahs," which contains biographical memoirs of many persons distinguished for their attainments in literature, science, or art who have lived to the age of ninety or nearly a hundred years, it was suggested that intellectual activity, not accompanied by anxious emotion, is favourable to long life. A fine example of its preservation was the late Michel Eugène Chevreul, the eminent scientific chemist, who was born at Angers on August 31, 1786, three years before the great French Revolution, and died on April 9, 1889, having seen the Eiffel Tower erected to commemorate the centenary of that historical event in Paris. We had the pleasure, on Sept. 11, 1886, of giving our readers the Portrait of this rare old man, when he was congratulated by his countrymen—old age is honoured in France—on having completed his hundredth year. The Portrait now engraved is the latest, having been taken a few months ago by M. Nadar, the well-known Paris photographer, to whom we are indebted for its use on this occasion.

Professor Chevreul was the son of a physician at Angers; he was sent to Paris when seventeen years old, to be placed in M. Vauquelin's manufactory of chemical products, where he was entrusted with the direction of the laboratory. In 1813 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Lycée Charlemagne. He became Director of the Dyeing Department and Professor of that special branch of chemistry at the Tapestry Manufactory of the Gobelins. His fame as a man of science arose partly from original investigations of the chemical conditions determining the production of colours. His experiments and observations on that subject are related in a memoir dated 1829. But he was also the discoverer and expounder of the laws affecting all fatty substances of animal origin, tallow, oil, butter, and wax, analysing their chemical ingredients, which are now so important in various manufactures.

Science owes to M. Chevreul a variety of minor discoveries. In 1830 he succeeded his former master, Vauquelin, as Professor at the Natural History Museum. He was a member of the Royal Society of London, President of the Agricultural Society, and Director of the Museum at the Jardin des Plantes. During the siege of Paris he protested publicly against the bombardment, which caused such ravages in the greenhouses and



THE LATE REV. CANON SIR F. GORE OUSELEY, BART.
SEE "OBITUARY."

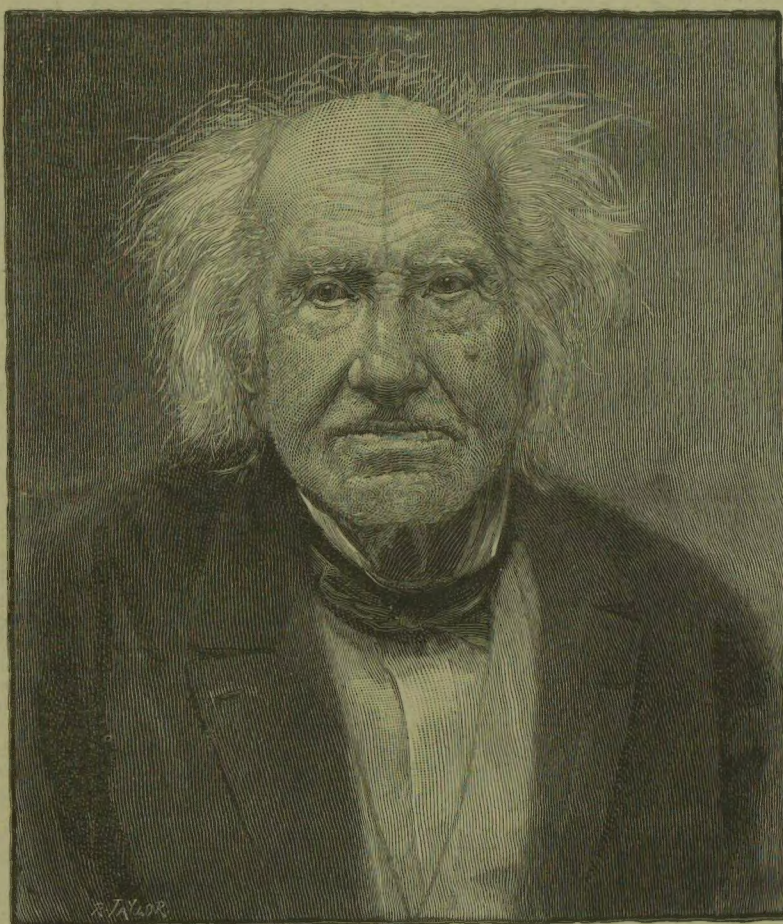


THE LATE DR. C. J. BLASIIUS WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.S.

THE LATE
LIEUTENANT W. H. POLLEN, R.E.

Lieutenant Walter Hungerford Pollen, of the Royal Engineers, who died of fever at Chittagong, while serving with the Looshai Expedition, was second son of Mr. John Hungerford Pollen. He was born in October, 1859, and was educated under Cardinal Newman at Edgbaston. He entered the Royal Academy, Woolwich, in 1877, and received his commission in 1879. He was selected for active service in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, taking part in the military operations at Ramleh and afterwards being present at the battle of Kassassin. He commanded a company in the subsequent march from Tel-el-Kebir to Cairo. For his services in this campaign he received the medal and star. In 1883 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Ripon, K.G.; and, in the winter of 1884, attended the splendid installation of the Nizam of Hyderabad. On leaving the Staff he was appointed to the Survey of India, on which establishment he remained until his death. Being on active service with the Looshai Expeditionary Force, he commanded the survey party. The country over which the force had to make its way is mountainous and closely wooded. Roads had to be made through almost impenetrable jungles. The duty of mapping out the country fell upon Lieutenant Pollen and gave him much hard work. Early in the month of March, fever attacked him, and on the 26th he died. His reputation stood high as an officer and as a man; he was a keen sportsman, an athlete, and an amateur artist; to his profession he was devoted, and excelled in the work he had to do.

The Marquis of Ely, who died at Nice on April 3, gave directions in his will that his remains should be cremated; and the wishes of the deceased nobleman were carried into effect at the Woking crematorium on April 13.



THE LATE M. CHEVREUL,
OF PARIS (EMINENT CHEMIST), AGED 102.

galleries of that establishment. In February, 1879, he retired from the direction of the Museum, but retained his Professorship.

Besides writing a great number of treatises in scientific publications, and communications to the Academy of Sciences, M. Chevreul published important books on the history of chemistry, general considerations on organic chemistry and its applications, colours and their applications to industrial arts, the history of chemical knowledge. He was a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and had been a member of the Academy of Sciences since 1826.

This wonderful scientific veteran preserved his lively intelligence, and his interest in his studies, to the present year; he was often at the Institute, and continued his daily drives to the buildings of the Exhibition a week before his death. His wife died in 1862; his son died, at the age of seventy, only three weeks ago, but it was thought better not to tell the venerable parent. On Sunday, April 14, there was a grand State funeral at Notre Dame Cathedral, after which the aged body was removed to L'Hay, near Sceaux, and quietly laid in the family vault.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. T. WARD.

The death of this young officer took place on April 3, by fever, while on active service in Upper Burmah. Lieutenant Arthur Thomas Ward, of the 2nd Battalion 18th Royal Irish Regiment, was the only son of the late Dr. A. V. Ward, for many years Presidency Surgeon at Bombay, and grandson of the late Captain Thomas Ward, of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry (who also died while serving with his regiment in Burmah). The late Lieutenant A. T. Ward, who was twenty-five years of age, was educated at Wellington College and at Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the Royal Irish Regiment on May 10, 1882. He served with his regiment in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was last year with the Royal Irish in the Black Mountain Expedition, and was lately sent on special service to Upper Burmah. He was considered one of the most promising young officers in the Army.

THE LATE
DR. C. J. B. WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.S.

This veteran physician, who died recently at Cannes, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, had at one time the largest private practice in London, and was the leading authority in diseases of the heart and lungs. He had been a favourite disciple of Laennec, under whom he studied in Paris, and whose method of auscultation was carried to more practical results by Dr. Williams, after a series of experiments and clinical and pathological researches. Charles James Blasius Williams was son of the Rev. David Williams, a Wiltshire clergyman; he was educated at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.D. in 1824. In 1835 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1840, and later on became Councillor, Censor, Gulstonian and Lumsden lecturer. In 1839 he was appointed Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine at University College, and first Physician to University College Hospital, where he attracted large classes of students. He was also, from the first, Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, and, with the late Sir Philip Rose, might be regarded as one of its founders. He was President of the Pathological Society, and of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, and in 1874 was appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. His books, widely known, are "The Principles of Medicine," "Diseases of the Chest," and "Pulmonary Consumption," which last was written jointly by him with his eldest son, Dr. Theodore Williams, at present Senior Physician to the Brompton Hospital.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker-street.

Our Portrait of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Bart., is from a photograph by Mr. Bustin, of Hereford and Ross.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. H. POLLEN,
DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN BURMAH.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. T. WARD,
DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN BURMAH.

THE LENGTH OF LIFE.

Sages and poets, and a host of homely practical people who know nothing of philosophy or poetry, unite in telling us that life is short. The most beautiful imagery has been used by sacred and secular writers to illustrate this truth. Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, they are as grass or a flower of the field, and we spend them as a tale that is told. Man is the dream of a shadow; his life is but a vapour; it is the impression made on the water by the keel of a vessel; it is like the sun that shows a bright face in the morning and is then hidden by clouds, and sets quickly; it is like a bird that flies into a room through an open window, and after a few moments of vain effort and alarm, escapes by the way he entered. Then, again, life has been compared to a fitful fever; to a jest, to a stage on which the actor plays his part, to a short summer, and to a tale—

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

There are moments when the sense of the brevity of life is so strongly felt that, for the time, it is the only view we can take, and we are ready to cry out with Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" In such moments, it seems as if the solid earth were shaking beneath our feet—as if we could grasp nothing firmly—as if—

'Twere hardly worth our while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere we die.

Such feelings, however powerful, are evanescent, or the world, with its varied vocations, would come to a standstill. Solomon's feeling that all is vanity may make ascetics, but it will not produce citizens, and is a death-blow to energy. The greatest men have always acted as if life were long, and so it is for everyone who accomplishes much in it. Think of the knowledge that may be stored up in seventy years, of the kind acts that may be done, of the virtues that may be cherished, of the friends that may have been gained!—think of the moral growth there may be, so that when old age arrives—

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

I do not think that the men whose lives have been full to overflowing of great deeds have often been known to complain that life is too short for them; and I am sure that the sense of its brevity, instead of exciting apathy, has but urged them to larger diligence and to more concentration of purpose. Everyone has observed, by-the-way, how much more swiftly time seems to move in old age than in childhood, and this universal experience has been beautifully expressed by Campbell—

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages,
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

It is not paradoxical to say that there are certain aspects of life in which we lose sight of its shortness altogether. That amazing term, "killing time," shows that people exist who have time to kill. When one sees how men and women idle about without an object, how the days seem too long for them and the nights too short, and how they will resort to any kind of amusement to get rid of the ennui that besets them; it is hard to believe that they have not more time than they want. "What a pretty contradiction is it," says Seneca, "to complain of the shortness of time and yet do what we can to precipitate its course!" One would think that life must be unconsciously long to the woman who employs "the creeping hours" in fancy work and novel-reading, to the idle man who loafs about London intent solely upon pleasure, to the epicure who lives to eat, to the dilettante who consumes his hours in auction-rooms, to the man who can afford to spend them on a foolish hobby. Cowper writes with more force than grace of giving time a shove, and people who try to do this show that they find life tedious. It is frequently said that men take to drinking because they have nothing else to do. They want to forget themselves, and throw away two of their greatest possessions, time and health, from not knowing how to use them.

The imagery suggestive of the shortness of life has been wellnigh exhausted. I wish that our moralists would give us some wise words about its great length. What humorous, and yet grave, sermons might they not preach from this text after a few weeks spent in London society! There is nothing dearer, they might say, to a man than his life, and yet, judging from the fashionable *roué*, nothing cheaper. He throws away his time while complaining that life is brief, and shortens it by his vices because it is too long. His main purpose in existence is to consume it, yet he frets at his success; he finds the day tedious, and laments that the year is short. And the men who are intent upon winning wealth at any cost must regard their life as a secure and lasting possession, since no one in his senses can covet the posthumous honour of being said to die rich. To feel that life is short and yet to spend it all in hoarding up gold which can never be used, is an act of folly scarcely pardonable out of Bedlam, and would be impossible among men who consider themselves to be sane, were it not that "the ruling passion conquers reason still." To all fribbles, judging from their conduct, life is too long, and yet I never met with one of them who was content to leave it. Addison suggests, and perhaps he is right, that persons of this class cannot be said to live at all; and he goes on in his humorous way to say that we are none of us alive except while we are actively and virtuously employed. "In short," he writes, "whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes, and I desire that he may be so reputed." This is a little hard on the world, which, from the great essayist's point of view, resembles the ship of the Ancient Mariner that was worked by dead people—an uncomfortable suggestion, to say the least. It might even be more agreeable to adopt Carlyle's familiar saying, and assert that the world consists mostly of fools. But to say this implies that the speaker is raised above the common level, which does not necessarily follow. Jones may be a fool, but the fact that Brown calls him one is no proof that Brown is a whit the wiser.

And here it may be observed that there are circumstances in life which, apart from conduct, make it painfully long. Bonivard, confined in the Castle of Chillon to "the damp vault's dayless gloom," must have found the weary hours slow enough; and so, too, must a mother waiting through the lonely years, with "love and longings infinite," for the son who returns no more. And if a man is suffering acute pain of body or mind, and the days appear to stand still, it is no consolation to tell him that life is short, since every hour seems a week, and every week a month. We judge of time by personal feeling, and when the body is tortured and the heart full of sorrow, life—

Like a wounded snake,
Drags its slow length along.

J. D.

INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.

At a general meeting of the Incorporated Law Society, held on April 12, Mr. F. K. Munton brought forward a motion, which was agreed to almost unanimously, to the effect that, looking to the volume of substantial work now thrown into the scattered London County Courts, the meeting was of opinion that a central metropolitan issuing office should be established; and that, in the interests alike of the junior Bar, solicitors, and suitors, all remitted town cases should be grouped and tried in some building adjacent to the Royal Courts of Justice. A committee was appointed to consider and report as to the best action to be taken with this end in view.

Another motion, brought forward by Mr. Herbert M'Low, in favour of a petition for the repeal of the solicitor's annual certificate duty to be presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was carried by 47 votes to 40. The president (Mr. G. B. Lake) said that he would do nothing to facilitate what he believed to be the most pernicious motion which had been carried in that hall for some years.

Mr. A. H. Hastie called attention to the increase in the number of defaulting solicitors by a series of resolutions suggesting a remedy therefor. A return moved for by Mr. Hastie showed that the number of solicitors struck off the roll, or suspended, in the ten years ending on Dec. 31 last amounted to 155. The president greatly regretted the course which Mr. Hastie had thought it right to take. These resolutions stated that, as the recent frauds and thefts of solicitors had shaken public faith in the profession, it was desirable that a committee should be appointed to consider any means of restoring public confidence, and that a Bill in Parliament should be put forward by the council, providing that all solicitors henceforward admitted should give securities of not less than £5000. Mr. A. H. Hastie, in moving the resolutions, referred to the case of Mr. Joseph Dodds, and warned the council that if they were to reject the opportunity for internal reform the time would come when the profession would be reformed by the rough hand of the public. His resolutions were eventually lost by an overwhelming majority.

THE EARL OF MORLEY.

The House of Lords recently elected the Earl of Morley to the office of Chairman of Committees of the whole House and Deputy Speaker, by a majority of votes in his Lordship's



THE EARL OF MORLEY,
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

favour compared with those given for Lord Balfour of Burleigh, whose name was proposed to fill the post made vacant by the death of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The Right Hon. Albert Edmund Parker, Baron Boringdon and Viscount Boringdon, of Northmolton, in the county of Devon, Earl of Morley, was born June 11, 1843; was educated at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he was first-class in classics; and succeeded his father as third Earl of Morley in August, 1864. His Lordship was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen in 1868, and held that position at Court till 1874. He was Under-Secretary of State for War from 1880 to 1885, in Mr. Gladstone's Government; but is a Liberal Unionist, and accepted the office of First Commissioner of Works in Lord Salisbury's Administration in 1886. He is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Devonshire, and President of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, his residence being at Saltram, near that town. His Lordship married, in 1876, a daughter of Mr. R. S. Holford, of Gloucester House, Park-lane, and of Westonbirt, Gloucestershire; his son, Lord Boringdon, was born in 1877. The title of Baron Boringdon was conferred in 1784 on Mr. John Parker, M.P. for Devonshire, and the second Baron was raised to an Earldom in 1815.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

Mr. T. Irwin Barstow, Senior Magistrate at the Clerkenwell Police-Court, has resigned on account of failing health. He was called to the Bar in 1845, and was appointed a Magistrate in 1874.

Lady Sandhurst has been unseated as a member of the London County Council, Mr. Justice Stephen announcing on April 13 that he and Mr. Baron Huddleston were agreed that women were disqualified from being elected members of that body, that the votes given to her were lost, and that Mr. Beresford-Hope, who stood next on the poll, was entitled to the seat. A week was allowed for notice of appeal to be given.

The Young Men's Christian Association held their forty-fifth annual meeting at the Mansion House on April 12. After a reception by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, an adjournment was made to the Egyptian Hall, where the Lord Mayor presided over a large assembly. The General Secretary stated that there were 2000 young men connected with this association as members, associates, and students. There was a total income of £3670, while the expenditure had been £4667.

THE CHIN EXPEDITION, UPPER BURMAH.

We have already noticed the successful operations of the field-force commanded by Brigadier-General Faunce against the Siyin Chin and the Tashon Chin tribes. They had perpetrated grievous outrages in the Kale Valley, a district under British protection, and also treacherously harboured the rebel Burmese Prince, Shway-gyo-byu Mintha, when he had been defeated at Kanle and driven through the Yaw country to the west. The British force consisted of two columns; one, the northern column, which assembled at Kalewa, consisted of the 42nd and 44th Goorkhas, with two mountain-guns and a company of Sappers; the other, which was the southern or Pouk column, was made up of detachments from the 10th Madras Infantry, the 10th Bengal Infantry, and fifty men of the 1st Madras Lancers. This column, which assembled at Pakoku, with Brigadier-General Faunce and his staff, marched northward to the frontier, and formed a line of posts as follows: at Thellin, sixty rifles 10th Madras Infantry under one British officer; at Gangaw, 160 rifles, including thirty Mounted Infantry, also the 10th Madras Infantry, under command of Colonel Leggett, with Captain Eyre as political officer; and at Kan, 160 rifles of the 10th Madras and Bengal Infantry, under a British officer. The troops in the southern division of the force had a very exciting time. Taking advantage of our long frontier line, the Shway-gyo-byu Prince, Boh Saga, and other dacoit leaders in Yaw had, by a system of terrorism, got all the people in north-western Yaw to join them in arms, and on Dec. 31, the post at Gangaw was invested by the enemy a thousand strong. The small garrison, having to protect a town one mile in circumference, made frequent sorties, and beat off the enemy, until reinforcements arrived; from the north, a wing of the 44th Goorkhas, under Colonel Macgregor, and from the south, detachments of the Leicestershire Regiment and the 10th and 33rd Bengal Infantry, with a party of Military Police. After the relief of Gangaw, flying columns were sent out in all directions, to break up the resistance; the population is now disarmed, and a special police, levied in India, will relieve the troops of the duty of guarding the frontier. We are favoured by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the 10th Madras Native Infantry, at Myengyan, Upper Burmah, with a series of photographs illustrating this expedition; one is that of the scene at Chaungoo, when the troops halted there and piled arms, after a march. The operations of the northern column, resulting in the capture of Siyin, were related last week.

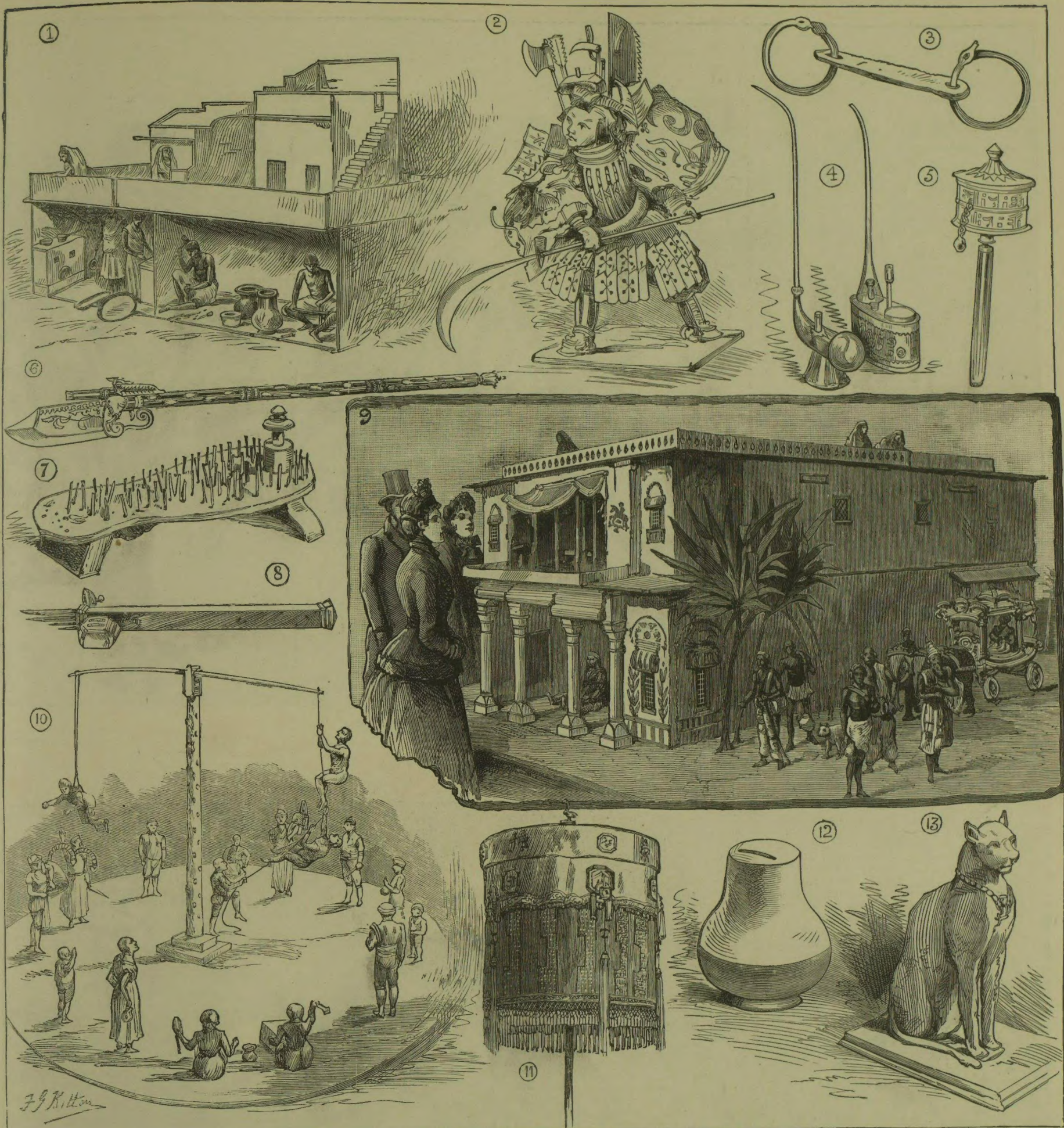
THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

On April 12 Lieutenant W. C. Crutchley, Royal Naval Reserve, read a paper at the United Service Institution on the unprotected state of British commerce at sea. Sir J. Colomb presided.

The lecturer said that, with all Europe an armed camp, with Britain the avowedly first enemy at which ambitious Powers would strike, there was still displayed a singular disregard to the claims our enormous properties at sea undoubtedly have to be protected from the hands of covetous neighbours. This disregard was solely because the majority of people had never grasped the meaning or magnitude of the question at issue. He enlarged on the special necessity for protecting British trade at sea at the commencement of war; the necessity for the organisation of mail-steamers to assist, and the urgent necessity of arming them. He then proceeded to sketch a plan of convoy for the Cape route, and remarked on the vital need of such depôts as the Falkland Islands and Sierra Leone. He did not think landmen realised the havoc it was possible to work among unprepared merchantmen on the sudden outbreak of war, and he scarcely thought the authorities cared to grasp the question. After picturing the grievous results that would follow the cutting off of our grain supply, he said he was afraid also that modern warfare would probably eclipse in its rigour anything the world has ever seen. In the endeavour to damage the commerce of England no consideration of humanity will prevail; but ships will be sunk promiscuously, whenever and wherever found. After alluding to the special dangers and necessities of the Cape route and the Cape Horn route, he said he thought he had shown that our commerce is not satisfactorily protected. The grain trade alone which would be diverted to these two routes would be to the value of ten millions per annum at least, and the greatest loss would be during the first two months of war, before the enemy's raiders could be run down. This showed the necessity for some vessels on the spot being put into such a state of fitness as to enable them to take part in forming convoys and protecting them until the assistance of the battle-ships was obtained. With the Navy admittedly too small, would it not be well to see what could be done in the way of organising and arming some of the most suitable steamers? The working of groups of merchant or mail steamers would be capable of easy solution, but the arming of these steamers would not do away with the necessity for strengthening the Navy.

The subscribers to the Arnold Memorial Fund met on April 12 in the Jerusalem Chamber, at Westminster Cloisters, to receive a report from the committee. Mr. George E. W. Russell, who has acted as honorary secretary from the first, stated that £6840 had been collected from persons in all quarters of the globe, from persons as exalted as the Empress Frederick, and from persons as humble as teachers in elementary schools, and in sums varying from £1000 to a few shillings. It had been resolved by the committee to devote the sum of £600 to the erection of a bust in Westminster Abbey, and to apply the surplus, or the largest portion of it, to the purchase of an investment, of which Mrs. Arnold would enjoy the principal during her lifetime, and of which she would have the disposal at her death.

The Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society appeal on behalf of the many bereaved families (representing in all nearly 200 widows and orphans, besides other dependents) left destitute through the disastrous loss in the North Sea on Feb. 9 of fourteen fishing-vessels, with all their crews, belonging to Grimsby, Yarmouth, and Hull; also for the numerous distressed dependents of the thirty-five mariners gone down in the steam-ship Glencoe on Feb. 4; of the forty-seven mariners gone down in the steam-ship Duke of Buccleuch on March 7; and of the twelve fishermen (their families representing thirty-two widows and orphans) who perished in two Port-of-Ness boats on March 10. To cope with the exceptional requirements of the distress which prevails at the above-named ports, it is essential that exceptional aid should be forthcoming without delay. In view of such pressing need, the committee of management earnestly ask for prompt and generous donations to the Special Disaster Fund, all sums contributed to which are handed over or directly disbursed, intact, for the full benefit of the sufferers. Messrs. Williams, Deacon and Co., 8, Birch-lane, E.C., are the bankers to the society, whose offices are at the Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock-street, London, E. All cheques and post-office orders should be made payable to the Secretary, Mr. W. R. Buck.



1. Model of Workmen's Shops, North-west Provinces, India.
 2. Japanese "Jack the Giant Killer": a gift to boys at the Feast of Dolls.
 3. Shackles put on feet of children imprisoned for attending the Society's [Schools at Mogador].
 4. Chinese Tobacco-Pipes.
 5. Thibetan Praying-Wheel, from Darjeeling, used by Buddhists.
 6. Dagger with Pistol, from Jeypore, India.

7. Torture Shoe, India.
 8. Persian Inkhorn, containing Reed Pens, as used by the Prophet Isalah.
 9. Model of Nobleman's House in Rajpootana, India.
 10. "Churak Poojah" of the Yogees or Devotees of Kali, long since prohibited by law in British India.

11. The Mandolin Umbrella, inscribed with seven poems, presented to the Secretary of the English Church Missionary Society by eighty-one members of the Shanghai Church.
 12. Arab Money-Box, made of earthenware or clay; must be broken before the contents can be touched.
 13. Ancient Bronze Cat, B.C. 3000.

CHURCH MISSIONARY BAZAAR AND EXHIBITION AT KENSINGTON TOWNHALL.

The London Bazaar season has commenced. London Society has flocked to the "Eastern Dream" conjured up for a charitable purpose by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen in the picturesque Indian Music-Room of their mansion in Grosvenor-square; and the fashionable world has also been tempted to the Earl of Cadogan's town-house to hear a concert given for an equally benevolent object. On April 10 a loan exhibition and sale of work in aid of the funds of the Church Missionary Society was opened at the Kensington Townhall. This was a very attractive Fancy Fair. The members of the Ladies' Church Missionary Union for London contributed a variety of useful and fancy articles for sale, to which were added numerous foreign ornaments and curiosities imported specially for the occasion from the East and from North-West America; and the loan collection comprised specimens of idols, clothing, and decorative objects, from Africa, India, Palestine, Ceylon, China, and Japan.

Another interesting feature was the Zenana Court, designed to illustrate the lives and dwellings of the different classes of women amongst whom the zenana missionaries labour zealously in North India. Lectures describing the work done by the Society were given in the board-room; and the musical arrangements consisted of performances by the string

band of the Royal Artillery, the orchestral band of the Metropolitan Police, and, in the evenings, instrumental and vocal concerts. Amongst those most interested in promoting the work and this entertainment in aid of it were the Rev. H. Stapleton, the Hon. and Rev. E. C. Glyn, General Benyon, the Rev. G. F. Whidborne, Mr. A. R. Pennefather, Colonel Martin Petrie, Lady Harrowby, Lady Dynevor, Mrs. Fry, and Miss Litchfield. The exhibition and bazaar were open three days.

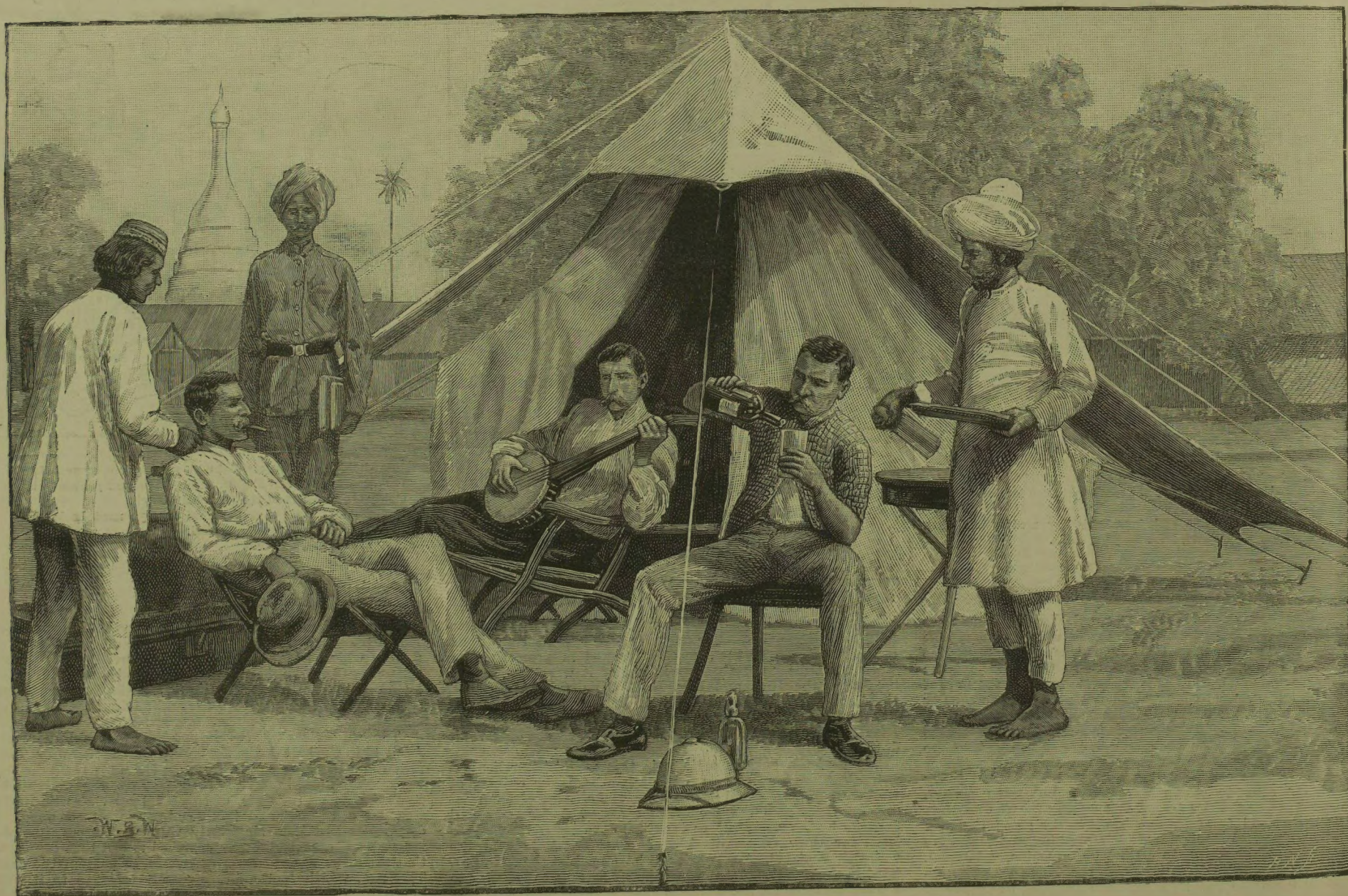
Some of the curious articles in this exhibition, relics and antiquities, and specimens of heathen idols, or objects of worship, are represented in our Engravings. One of the most striking is the model of the horrible apparatus formerly used in India by the "Yogees" or fanatical devotees of the goddess Kali, for their public display of cruel self-torture in the "Churak Poojah." A rope with a sharp hook at the end of it, fixed in the muscles of the worshipper's back, was fastened to a beam pivoted on the top of a pole, and he was swung or whirled round, by pulling a rope at the other end of the beam, while his shrieks were drowned by the beating of drums. The Thibetan wheel or cylinder, inscribed with Buddhist prayers, which is made to revolve as a mechanical substitute for the

uplifting of heart and mind and soul to the Supreme Being, has often been noticed. Instruments of punishment and fetters, which have been applied to prevent native scholars attending Christian instruction, were to be found in this collection, as well as toys for children, utensils, furniture, dresses, and weapons of different Asiatic and African nations.

The supporters of the Egypt Exploration Fund met on April 12 in the hall of the Zoological Society, Sir John Fowler presiding. Miss Amelia B. Edwards (hon. sec.) said the recent work of the Fund in laying bare the important ruins of the great temple of Bubastis, discovered by M. Naville in 1887, was now completed, and left nothing more to be done. The discoveries had been singularly valuable. From some of the inscriptions that had been unearthed it had been conjectured that the temple was at least 600 years older than the date of 3800 B.C., which had been originally assigned to it. They hoped eventually to work out the actual history of this temple, which appeared to have existed in a more or less complete state for 4000 years. It was hoped that next year the Fund would take in hand some other site. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Stuart Poole and other gentlemen.



TROOPS IN CAMP AT CHAUNGGOO.



AFTER A DAY'S MARCH.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CHIN TRIBES, FRONTIER OF UPPER BURMAH.



CONVERTING A RADICAL.

*"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."*

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

NOVELS.

The Country Cousin. By Frances Mary Peard. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—As a very fair example of the modern English society novel, with a strong development of feminine character in trials of personal affection and domestic duty, and with incidents of apparent likelihood not exceeding the range of ordinary experience, Miss Peard's new story is worthy of approval. All the women are thoroughly womanly and ladylike in behaviour, with distinct individualities, one of which is that of Joan Medhurst, who marries Sir Henry Lancaster, and whose wavering fidelity as a giddy and thoughtless young wife is the principal subject of anxiety. This beautiful girl, the only child of Lord and Lady Medhurst, has grown up in rural seclusion under a vexatiously strict and narrow parental discipline, till she is suddenly brought to London, in trembling ignorance of the world, and exposed to the perilous flatteries and heedless gaieties of fashionable life. She is thus, at the beginning of the tale, no other than the "country cousin" of the Ashburys, a family well versed in social affairs, where several sisters, Elizabeth and Nan being the most prominent, watch the entrance of Joan upon the scene of action. In the course of a few weeks, by the exciting influences of the ball-room, the Park promenade, the garden-party, the opera, and every other form of conspicuous entertainment, and by the admiring attentions of a crowd of suitors, Joan is marvellously transformed. The shy and shrinking maiden, who was at first overwhelmed by her own timidity and dreaded a rebuke for awkwardness in a morning call or at a dinner-party, has shaken off all restraint. But she has already, without due consideration, and merely from a desire to escape the control of her parents, given away her hand to a man fascinated by her beauty and by what he had deemed her girlish simplicity and innocence of mind. Sir Henry Lancaster, the man who makes this mistake, and who ought to have chosen the good and wise Lady Millicent as a proper helpmate for him, is a great Member of Parliament, one of the Ministry, nobly ambitious of public service, and averse to frivolous amusements; he cannot even dance. The marriage is hastened at the end of Joan's first London season; but, even during the wedding tour in Switzerland, her restless vanity and eagerness for diversion, her want of sympathy with his deeper feelings, and her selfish indifference when his life is endangered by an accident, reveal the shallowness of her nature. On their return to England, she flirts a good deal with his cousin, Basil Gray, an idle, unprincipled fellow who lives at the expense of his mother and sisters, having thrown up an appointment procured for him by Sir Henry, and who is capable of any amount of ingratitude and injustice. Joan treats her serious husband with scornful heartlessness, and is recklessly defiant of the risk to her own reputation, but does not really entertain a criminal passion. In spite, however, of the remonstrances of her mother, and of Lady Millicent and her other friends, she incurs a certain degree of scandal, and nearly breaks Sir Henry's heart, until the situation is changed by one or two not improbable events. Basil Gray, who has been insolently dangle about her with no intention but to annoy Sir Henry, in revenge for denying him further aid and countenance, perpetrates a small crime—that of forging his aunt's name to a cheque for £100 or £150 which she had drawn in his favour, but which she left unsigned at her death. His guilt is known only to the local banker, to Sir Henry, and to Basil's sister and her betrothed, the worthy General Murchison, while he gets a bequest of £6000 by his aunt's will. Sir Henry, of course, warns him off for the future, but does not make Joan aware of his disgrace; and Basil then proceeds to renew an old attachment between himself and Elizabeth Ashton, whom he had jilted some years before, and who, notwithstanding his faults, had persisted in loving this worthless man. In the meantime, Sir Henry, not having yet recovered the effects of his accident in Switzerland, made worse by a struggle with a riotous mob after a political meeting at Leeds, greatly overworked, and painfully harassed by the ruin of his domestic happiness, falls ill so that his death is hourly expected. The shock of this impending calamity brings Joan to remorse for her misbehaviour; she contemptuously drives away Basil from her presence, and, when permitted by the physicians to see her husband, implores his forgiveness, unites her heart with his in full mutual affection, and guards his slow convalescence with tender and devoted care. All is finally made right between them, while Lady Millicent, the sincere friend of both, having overcome in silence the bitter disappointment of her own former hopes of Sir Henry, will quietly endeavour to assist Joan in cultivating her mind and forming habits suitable to her position, as the wife of a grave, busy, thoughtful statesman needing repose and tranquillity in his home. The moral tone of this story is sound and wholesome; its style is agreeable, and the sentiments it displays are free from strained violence or affectation of any kind; a very simple plot is worked out by easy and natural means, with an unflinching source of interest derived from a few characters, to the entire satisfaction of the reader.

A.D. 2000; or, Woman's Destiny. By Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G. (Hutchinson and Co.).—It has occasionally been remarked that eminent politicians, financiers, and other men of public business, whom all the world allows to be very clever persons in debating or negotiating great affairs, can write extremely silly novels. Sir Julius Vogel has long been known, both in London and in New Zealand, as a very clever public man. His renown as a former Prime Minister of that remote Colony, and as the dexterous projector and manager of its bold fiscal operations and Government undertakings, had reached us here long before he came in person as its Agent-General in London. He was, for some time, quite as important in New Zealand statesmanship as Mr. Disraeli or Lord Beaconsfield was in that of Great Britain, and we believe that his policy has still many adherents. Everybody is so well acquainted with the brilliant series of Disraeli's literary productions, from "Vivian Grey" and "Alroy," down to "Lothair" and "Endymion," that it may be sufficient to indicate the merits of Sir Julius Vogel's romance if we say they bear the same proportion to those works as that of the Colonial Treasurer, at the Antipodes, to the Premiership of the United Kingdom. Sir Julius has a lively fancy and a facile style; his imaginary persons move about briskly, and speak with polite grace and with effective precision; but they seem rather talking puppets or masks of a fantastic rare-show than living men and women. An air of satirical smartness, in presenting views and incidents sharply contrasted with the experiences of the present age, does not compensate for the lack of wit and humour. We scarcely venture to assume, even from the concluding paragraphs of the "epilogue," much less from the mysterious intimations of the narrative prologue, that the author, who is a practical politician, seriously means to teach the social and economic doctrines here propounded. "That every human being is entitled to a minimum of enjoyment, a certain proportion of the world's good things, a sufficiency of food and clothing and decent lodging, whether or not he or she is willing to work or capable of work," is a questionable axiom for the State to carry into execution. It is explained to signify much more than the relief of actual destitution under our existing Poor-Law;

those who could work, but who choose not to work, are to be supplied with a bare sustenance, from day to day, trusting that they will presently become ambitious to earn the comforts and refinements of a superior style of living. Private charity is to be discontinued; and all laws for the recovery of debts are to be abolished, relying on "the sense of honour and expediency of the debtor." The general happiness of the population, in "A.D. 2000," will have been permanently secured, in consequence of a resolution adopted in the year 1920, to introduce "an extended paper currency," with the necessary guarantees, to increase the circulating medium, and to raise the prices both of products and labour." If all this be intended for a political joke, we are unable to see the fun of it, or that of the other laws and institutions of "United Britain," the future grand Federal Empire, including all the Colonies and India, which claims Sir Julius Vogel as one of its advocates or prophets. The common agreement of all the separate local dominions, Canada, Australia, and every other, to keep out traffic with foreign nations by a prohibitory tariff thrice as high as the rates charged on British or intercolonial products, and to hand over one half their other revenue, from income-tax and succession duties, to the Imperial Government, must surely be a joke in the estimation of the colonists who will read it at Melbourne or in New Zealand. It is, however, not less incredible than the vision of an Emperor yearly travelling round the globe, a few days' voyage by water or air, to hold his Federal Parliament at each of the great cities of the Empire in turn; and, when once that is supposed to have come to pass, the consummation of "Woman's Destiny," with Mrs. Hardinge or the Countess of Cairo for Prime Minister, is no longer surprising. In his professed design to show that the female sex is capable of the highest political functions, Sir Julius is evidently quite serious; we find him odd and whimsical, at any rate, but not intentionally funny. Miss Hilda Fitzherbert, Under-Secretary of State, afterwards created Duchess of New Zealand, and finally exalted to the throne as Queen and Empress Consort of United Britain, is a most dignified young lady, of profound scientific and practical intelligence, and of commanding personal and civil courage. In the Government offices at Melbourne, in the parliamentary debates, in repelling the unwelcome addresses of Lord Reginald Paramatta, who is a suitor for her hand and fortune, and in venturing alone to attend a treasonable meeting, which she paralyzes and disperses by the cunning use of an electrical apparatus, this patriotic heroine wins our admiration. We follow her and her sister Maud, with a select party of the colonial aristocracy, conveyed by Lady Taieti's air-cruiser to New Zealand, to behold the grand operation by which the river Molyneux or Clutha, its waters being diverted into the Matura, is made to expose gold-deposits of immense richness, adding to the vast wealth of those two young ladies. The treacherous deception practised on Hilda by the wicked Lord Reginald, who carries her off in his piratical yacht, the pursuit, conflict, and rescue by Colonel Laurient in an aerial vessel of marvellous swiftness, the wedding of Maud and Lord Montreal, and Hilda's visit to London, are still more exciting incidents. But Sir Julius Vogel is most exultant, as a believer in Imperial Federation, when he describes the supreme power and glory of the future British realm, to which Egypt, Belgium, and all the Channel ports of France, and other foreign territories will have been annexed. Its military superiority is finally proved by a victorious expedition to punish the United States of America for attacking Canada. The Emperor, Albert Edward, a lineal descendant of our own Prince of Wales and of our own Queen Victoria, commands his army in person. The war has, in fact, arisen from his rejecting a proposed marriage with the daughter of a haughty matron who is President of the United States. His Majesty has broken off this American match because it was required that the British law of hereditary succession to the Crown should be altered to give an elder Princess the right in preference to her younger brother. To this alteration, which has been much debated, the Emperor and the military class have entertained a practical objection, considering that the Sovereign ought to be able to lead his soldiers in the field. "Woman's destiny" arrives at governing, but stops short at fighting. The Americans, however, are caught by prompt action with the fleet and the army; New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington are captured in one night; the female President is taken prisoner; the enemy's land-force beyond the St. Lawrence is defeated in a brief action, Lord Reginald Paramatta being killed; and all the States of the Republic willingly consent to be incorporated with the British Empire. Their Majesties, Albert Edward and Hilda, thenceforth reign over the whole of the English-speaking people of the world; and family considerations, as their only son is a boy of feeble health, allow the law of succession to be changed in favour of his promising elder sister. The distinguished author, late Premier of New Zealand, Chairman of important Companies, an able and successful man in several ways of public life, has now had his literary fling. If this book itself be neither wise nor amusing—and we cannot say it is—those who know Sir Julius Vogel will be much amused by the fact that such a man has written such a book.

Miss Mary Anderson arrived at Queenstown on April 11 by the Germanic, after a pleasant passage. The charming American actress has greatly improved in health, but will take five months' rest in Europe.

Mr. Henry Tate has offered £1000 towards the building fund of the new Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, on condition that the whole of the remaining £19,000 which is required is obtained within the next four months.

Yachting men may look forward this year to an interesting international race in American waters, thanks to the initiative of the Earl of Dunraven. Reuter's Agency, dating from New York, April 11, states:—"The committee of the New York Yacht Club, to which Lord Dunraven's challenge for the America Cup was referred, has decided to report in favour of the acceptance of the challenge."

The Society of Medallists has awarded its first prize of £25 to Mr. H. Fehr for a model of a medal commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada, having on the obverse a bust of Queen Elizabeth and on the reverse St. George slaying a winged figure, symbolical of the Armada, and surrounded by other figures representing Fame and Æolus. The second prize of £10 was awarded to Mrs. Vereker Hamilton for a medal bearing on the obverse a portrait of Captain J. Monteith Hamilton, and on the reverse a huntsman carrying stags' heads in a basket.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to attend the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Brecon in September, and during their stay will be the guests of Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, at Glanusk Park, Breconshire. His Royal Highness has consented to preside on one day, and, in addition, has written to say that he hopes to see something of Wales and the beautiful spots that it contains. In order to meet the convenience of their Royal Highnesses, the fixture for the Eisteddfod has been altered from August 20 and three following days to September.

WALTHAM ABBEY.

Our Artist's "Rambling Sketches" have been directed up the Essex bank of the river Lea, where it is the boundary stream between that county and Middlesex, and a little farther northward between Essex and Hertfordshire, in a country of broad and pleasant meadows, with fine wooded hills in view, near the skirts of Epping Forest. All the country north-east of ancient London, extending at least twenty miles over the western part of Essex, was formerly Waltham Forest, the finest hunting-ground of our Kings and their courtiers from Saxon to Tudor reigns. Epping Forest, now in a manner preserved, and Hainault Forest, which has been appropriated and cultivated, and many a fair park, from "Forest Gate" near Stratford, and from suburban Wanstead and Leyton, on to Havering-atte-Bower, to Theydon Bois, to Brentwood and to Ongar, are the remnants of a vast sylvan wilderness, still rural and beautiful in some parts, once comprised in the Royal domain. Its full extent may indeed be uncertain; but Walthamstow is very near London, and there are a Great and Little Waltham not far from Chelmsford. The rivers Lea and Roding, and other streams, flowed by and through the Forest of Waltham and its woodland appurtenances in the middle part of their course. The name "Waltham" may very well signify "Weald-ham," but nearly all West Essex was then one great "Weald."

The town of Waltham Abbey, twelve miles from London, though it has borne, with strict antiquarian propriety, the style of "Waltham Holy Cross," must not, therefore, be confounded with the neighbouring hamlet of "Waltham Cross," in the adjacent county. Waltham Abbey has five or six thousand inhabitants, and a considerable agricultural market, besides thriving breweries and manufactories, and much profit, we suppose, from the Government military establishments, the large gunpowder mills, and the Enfield rifle factory. The Abbey here is said to have been founded, in 1062, by the brave and unfortunate Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings; he was Governor of Essex under King Edward the Confessor, who resided much at the palace of Havering-atte-Bower. It became the wealthiest monastic establishment in Essex; its mitred Abbot was, of course, a Peer of Parliament, and its buildings, in the Norman style of architecture, were of great magnificence. The church was formed in the shape of a cross, with a square central tower, which fell after the dissolution of the Abbey by Henry VIII. In the interior, most of the massive Norman semi-circular arches, dividing the side aisles from the nave, still remain, with an upper tier supported by very short columns and pilasters on each side; the columns have indented zigzag mouldings in the Norman style; but the two arches at the west end are of Pointed architecture, as well as the arched doorway, handsomely adorned with floreated work, crockets and finials, and the porch with its groined roof. The chancel and the Lady Chapel, restored within the last quarter of a century, have much grace and beauty. The present dimensions of the church are 106 ft. in length and 53 ft. in breadth, but it was originally much larger; so that the ancient tomb, supposed to be King Harold's, the site of which is many yards outside the building as it now remains, may have stood, as is said, in the choir of the church. A large stone coffin was found there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a leaden coffin, with a skeleton in it, at a later date. It is a disputed point, however, whether Harold's body was really brought from the battle-field of Hastings and buried at Waltham. There are the picturesque remains of an ancient bridge, called "Harold's Bridge," beyond the farmhouse which has been built in the old Abbey gardens; some fragments of a small chapel, a fine Gothic gateway, several pieces of wall, and the empty fishponds, still attest the extent of the monastic precincts. It is stated that Cranmer, Fox, and Gardiner, at the period when King Henry wanted to marry Anne Boleyn, held a conference at Waltham Abbey on the best means of procuring him a legal divorce from Queen Katharine of Arragon, or rather the nullification of his union with his brother's widow.

The street, the cattle-market, and the antiquated stocks and pillory, in this old-fashioned little country town, have an aspect of bygone times, mingled with signs of its revived prosperity; and in its neighbourhood are the mansions of Warlies, Copt Hall, and Gillwell, with fine parks and agreeable pleasure-grounds. Sewardstone, High Beech, and other sylvan spots belonging to Epping Forest, are within the same parish, beyond the wide marshes of the river Lea.

SPRING FLOWERS AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Spring in London has few brighter sights than the earliest flower shows of the year in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park. The floricultural display on April 10 was all the more welcome from the peculiar darkness of the atmosphere about the middle of the day. The exhibition of spring flowers was of unusual excellence. Mr. T. Ware, of Tottenham, and Messrs. Barr and Son, Covent-garden, each had a magnificent stand of cut narcissi, and both obtained a large bronze medal. There were some very fine groups of roses. Messrs. Paul and Sons, Cheshunt, secured a first prize for a group of nine, which included very choice specimens of the clear yellow "Perfection de Montplaisir" and the delicate "Céline Forestier." Very superb, too, was the large collection of roses sent by Mr. W. Rumsey, of Waltham-Cross, the "Souvenir d'un Ami," "Lady Marie Fitzwilliam," and "Gloire Lyonnaise," being noteworthy among many others. Mr. Rumsey was deservedly awarded a large silver medal.

The azaleas from the nursery of Mr. Turner, Slough (first prize), were much admired. Messrs. Carter and Sons, Holborn, had a certificate for a very pretty stand of cinerarias, the "Emperor Frederick," remarkable for beauty of colour. Other choice specimens of cinerarias came from Mr. James, of Slough. Mr. T. Ware was certificated for a new variety of primulas—"marginala cerulea." Mr. D. Phillips, Slough, secured a first prize for pelargoniums, which included a "Rosella" and "Madame Thibaut." Mr. J. Douglas, gardener to Mrs. Whitbourn, Ilford, was the most successful exhibitor of auriculas and polyanthus.

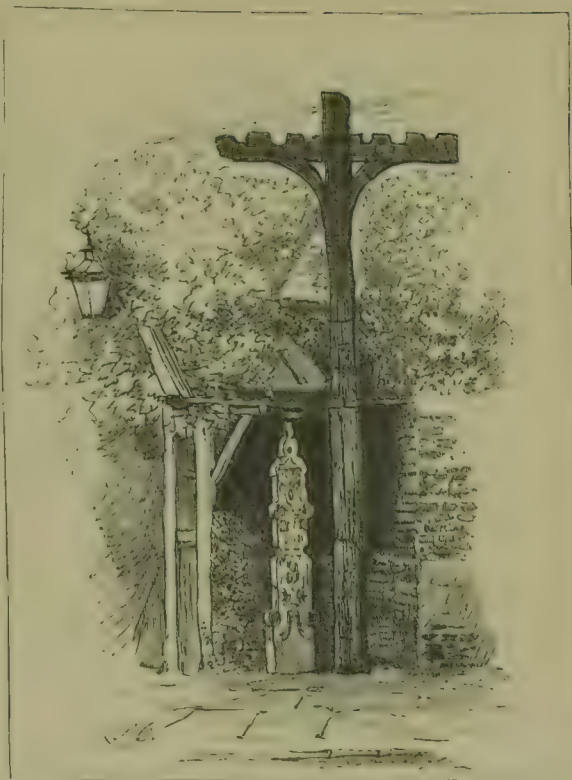
There were several new orchids in the exhibition. Mr. Sanders, of St. Albans, had certificates for his trichopilian *suavis alba* and a dendrobium *Harveyana*, and Messrs. Veitch and Sons, Chelsea, for a dendrobium *micans*. For a new rhododendron, the "Ne plus ultra," Messrs. Veitch also had a certificate.

The police authorities should bestir themselves to make it less dangerous to cross Rotten Row on foot. Here is a case for immediate action. Mrs. Beaumont, of 6, North-terrace, Kensington, while walking in Rotten Row on April 11, was knocked down by a runaway horse, and was so seriously injured that she had to be conveyed to a hospital.

The Earl of Ravensworth presided on April 10 at the Society of Arts, over a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, at which Mr. W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction, read a paper on "The Designs for the New Battle-Ships." In the evening a dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant, among those present being Lord George Hamilton, who said that the designs of the ships proposed to be built were approved not only by the Admiralty, but also by the Navy.



WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.



THE PILLORY AND STOCKS.



THE CATTLE MARKET.



THE ABBEY GATE.



HAROLD'S BRIDGE.



THE MAIN STREET.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENCEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD:

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CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE COMING BACK OF HARMACHIS; OF THE GREETING OF CHARMION; AND OF THE ANSWER OF CLEOPATRA TO QUINTUS DELLIUS, THE AMBASSADOR OF ANTONY THE TRIUMVIR.



RESENTLY I lifted myself, and laying the head of Egypt's Queen upon my knee, strove to call her back to life. How fair she seemed, even in her disarray, her long hair streaming o'er her breast! How deadly fair she seemed in the faint light—this woman the story of whose beauty and whose sin shall outlive the solid mass of the mighty pyramid that towered over us! The heaviness of her swoon had smoothed away all the falseness of her face, and naught was left but the stamp divine of woman's richest loveliness, softened by shadows of the night and dignified by the cast of deathlike sleep. I gazed upon her and all my heart went out to her; it seemed that I did but love her more because of the depth of the treasons wherein I had sunk together. Weary and spent with fears and the pangs of guilt, my heart sought hers for rest, for now she alone was left to me. She had sworn to wed me also, and with the treasure we had won we would make Egypt strong and free her from her foes, and all should yet be well. Ah! could I have seen the picture that was to be, how, and in what place and circumstance, once again this very woman's head should be laid upon my knee, pale with that cast of death! Ah! could I have seen!

I chafed her hand between my hands. I bent me and kissed her on the lips, and at my kiss she woke. She woke with a little sob of fear—a shiver ran down her delicate limbs; and with wide eyes she stared upon my face.

"Ah! it is thou!" she said. "I mind me—thou hast saved me from that horror-haunted place!" And she threw her arms about my neck and drew me to her and kissed me. "Come, love," she said, "let us be going! I am sore athirst, and—ah! so very weary! The gems, too, they chafe my breast! Never was wealth so hardly won! Come, let us be going from the shadow of this ghostly spot! See the faint lights glancing from the wings of Dawn! How beautiful they are, and how sweet to behold! Never, in those Halls of Eternal Night, did I think to look upon the blush of dawn again! Ah! I can see the face of that dead slave yet, with the Horror hanging to his beardless chin! Bethink thee!—there he'll sit for ever—there—with the Horror! Come; where may we find water? I would give an emerald for a cup of water!"

"At the canal on the borders of the tilled land below the Temple of Horemku—it is close at hand," I answered. "If any see us, we will say that we are pilgrims who have lost our way at night among the tombs. Veil thyself closely, therefore, Cleopatra; and beware lest thou dost show aught of those gems about thee."

So she veiled herself, and I lifted her on to the ass which was tethered close at hand. We walked slowly through the sand till we came to the place where the symbol of the God Horemku,* fashioned as a mighty sphinx (whom the Greeks call Harmachis), and crowned with the Royal crown of Egypt, looks out in majesty across the land; his eyes ever fixed upon the East. Even as we walked the first arrow of the rising sun quivered through the grey air, striking upon Horemku's lips of holy calm, and the Dawn kissed her greeting to the God of Dawn. Then the light gathered and grew upon the gleaming sides of twenty pyramids, and, like a promise of Life to Death, rested on the portals of ten thousand tombs. It poured in a flood of gold across the desert sand—it pierced the heavy sky of night, and fell in bright beams upon the green of fields and the tufted crests of palms. Then from his horizon bed Royal Ka rose up in pomp, and it was day.

And passing the temple of granite and of alabaster that was built before the days of Chufu, to the glory of the majesty of Horemku, we descended the slope, and came to the water of the canal. There we drank; and sweeter was that draught of muddy water than all the choicest wine of Alexandria. Also we washed the mummy-dust and grime from our hands and brows and made us clean. And as she bathed her neck, stooping over the water, one of the great emeralds slipped from Cleopatra's breast and fell into the water, and it was but by chance that at length I found it in the mire. Then, once more, I lifted Cleopatra on to the beast, and slowly, for I was very weary, we marched back to the banks of Sihar, where our craft was. And having at length come thither, seeing no one save some few peasants going out to labour on the lands, I turned the ass loose in that same field where we had found him, and we boarded the craft while the crew were yet sleeping. Then, waking them, we bade them make all sail, saying that we had left the eunuch to sojourn a while behind us, as in truth we had. So we sailed, and the gems, with such of the ornaments of gold as we could bring hither, we hid away.

Four days and more we spent in coming to Alexandria, for the wind was for the most part against us; and they were happy days! At first, indeed, Cleopatra was somewhat silent and heavy at heart, for what she had seen and felt in the womb of the pyramid weighed her down. But soon her imperial spirit awoke and shook the burden from her breast, and she became herself again—now gay, now learned; now loving, and now cold; now queenly, and now altogether simple—ever changing as the winds of heaven, and as the heaven, deep, beautiful, and unsearchable!

Night after night for those four happy nights, the last happy hours I ever was to know, we sat hand in hand upon the deck and heard the waters lip the vessel's side, and watched the soft footfall of the moon as she trod the depths of Nile. There

we sat and talked of love, talked of our marriage and all that we would do. Also I drew up plans of war and of defence against the Roman, which now we had the means to carry out; and she approved them, sweetly saying that what seemed good to me was good to her. And so all too swiftly passed the days. O those nights upon the Nile! their memory haunts me yet! Yet in my dreams I see the moonbeams break and quiver, and hear Cleopatra's murmured words of love mingle with the sound of murmuring waters. How beautiful was their promise, doomed, like an unfruitful blossom, to wither, fall, and rot! and their fulfilment, ah, how drear! Dead are those dear nights, dead is the moon that lit them, and lost in the wide salt sea are the waters which rocked us on their breast! For all things end in darkness and in ashes, and those who sow in folly shall reap in sorrow. Ah! those nights upon the Nile!

And so at length once more we stood within the hateful walls of that fair palace on the Lochias, and the dream was done.

"Whither hast thou wandered with Cleopatra, Harmachis?" asked Charmion of me when I met her by chance on that day of return. "On some new mission of betrayal? or was it but a love-journey?"

"I went with Cleopatra upon secret business of the State," I answered sternly.

"So! Those who go secretly, go evilly; and foul birds love to fly at night. Not but what thou art wise, for scarce would it bescem thee, Harmachis, to show thy face openly in Egypt."

I heard, and felt my passion rise within me, for ill could I bear this fair girl's scorn.

"Hast thou never a word without a sting?" I asked. "Know, then, that I went whither thou hadst never dared to go, to gather means to hold Egypt from the grasp of Antony."

"So," she answered, looking up swiftly. "Thou foolish man! Better hadst thou done to save thy labour, for Antony will grasp Egypt in thy despite. What power hast thou to-day in Egypt?"

"In my despite that may he do; but in despite of Cleopatra that can he not do," I said.

"Nay, but with the aid of Cleopatra he can and will do it," she answered with a bitter smile. "When the Queen sails in state up Cydnus stream she will surely draw this coarse Antony thence to Alexandria, conquering, and yet, like thee, a slave!"

"It is false! I say that it is false! Cleopatra goes not to Tarsus, and Antony comes not to Alexandria; or, if he come, 't will be to take the chance of war."

"Now, thinkest thou thus?" she answered with a little laugh. "Well, if it please thee, think as thou wilt. Within three days thou shalt know. 'Tis pretty to see how easily thou art fooled. Farewell! Go, dream on Love, for surely Love is sweet."

And she went, leaving me angered and troubled at heart.

That day I saw Cleopatra no more, but on the day which followed I saw her. She was in a heavy mood, and had no gentle word for me. I spake to her of the defence of Egypt, but she put the matter away.

"Why dost thou weary me?" she said with anger; "canst thou not see that I am lost in troubles? When Dellius hath had his answer to-morrow then will we speak of these matters."

"Aye," I said, "when Dellius hath had his answer; and knowest thou that but yesterday, Charmion—whom about the palace they name the 'keeper of the Queen's secrets'—Charmion did swear that the answer would be 'Go in peace, I come to Antony'!"

"Naught knows Charmion of my heart," said Cleopatra, stamping her foot in anger; "and if she talk so freely the girl shall be scourged from out my Court, as is her desert. Though, in truth," she added, "she hath more wisdom in that small head of hers than all my privy councillors—aye, and more wit to use it. Knowest thou that I have sold a portion of those gems to the rich Jews of Alexandria, and at a great price, aye, at five thousand sesteria for each one?† But a few, in truth: for more they could not buy as yet. 'Twas rare to see their eyes when they fell upon them: large as apples they grew with avarice and wonder. And now leave me, Harmachis, for I am weary. The memory of that dread night is with me yet."

I bowed and rose to go, and yet stood wavering.

"Pardon me, Cleopatra; 'tis of our marriage."

"Our marriage! Why, are we not indeed already wed?" she answered.

"Yes; but not before the world. Thou didst promise."

"Aye, Harmachis, I did promise; and to-morrow, when I have rid me of this Dellius, I will keep my promise, and name thee Cleopatra's Lord before the Court. See that thou art in thy place. Art content?"

And she stretched out her hand for me to kiss, looking on me with strange eyes, as though she struggled with herself. Then I went; but that night once more I strove to see Cleopatra, and could not. "The Lady Charmion was with the Queen," so said the eunuchs, and none might enter.

On the morrow the Court met in the great hall one hour before mid-day, and thither I went with a trembling heart to hear Cleopatra's answer to Dellius, and to hear myself also named King-consort to the Queen of Egypt. It was a full and splendid Court; there were councillors, lords, captains, eunuchs, and waiting-women, all save Charmion. The hour passed, but Cleopatra and Charmion came not. At length Charmion entered gently by a side entrance, and took her place among the waiting-ladies about the throne. Even as she did so she cast a glance at me, and there was triumph in her eyes, though over what she triumphed I knew not. Little did I guess that she had but now brought about my ruin and sealed the fate of Egypt.

Then presently the trumpets blared, and, clad in her robes of State, the ureus crown upon her head, and on her breast, flashing like a star, that great emerald scarabæus which she had dragged from dead Pharaoh's heart, Cleopatra, followed by a glittering guard of Northmen, swept in splendour to her throne. Dark was her lovely face, and dark her slumberous eyes, and none might read their message, though all that Court searched therein for a sign of what should come. She seated herself slowly as one who may not be moved, and spoke to the Chief of the Heralds in the Greek tongue—

"Does the Ambassador of the noble Antony wait?"

The Herald bowed low and made assent.

"Let him come in and hear our answer."

The doors were flung wide, and, followed by his train of knights, Dellius, clad in his golden armour and his purple chlamys, walked with catlike step up the great hall, and made obeisance before the throne.

"Most Royal and beautiful Egypt," he said, in his soft voice, "as thou hast graciously been pleased to bid me, thy servant, I am here to take thy answer to the letter of the noble Antony the Triumvir, whom to-morrow I sail to

meet at Tarsus, in Cilicia. And this will I say, Royal Egypt, craving pardon for the boldness of my speech—bethink thee well before words that cannot be unspoken fall from those sweet lips. Defy Antony, and Antony will wreck thee. But, like thy mother Aphrodite, rise glorious on his sight from the bosom of the Cyprian Wave, and for wreck he will give thee all that can be dear to woman's Royalty—empire, and pomp of place, cities and the sway of men, fame and wealth, and the diadem of rule made sure. For mark: Antony holds this Eastern World in the hollow of his warlike hand, and at his will kings are, and at his frown they cease to be."

And he bowed his head and, folding his hands meekly on his breast, awaited answer.

For a while Cleopatra answered not, but sat like the sphinx Horemku, dumb and inscrutable, gazing with lost eyes down the length of that great hall.

Then, like soft music, her answer came; and trembling I listened for Egypt's challenge to the Roman:

"Noble Dellius,—Much have we bethought us of the matter of thy message from great Antony to our poor Royalty of Egypt. Much have we bethought us, and counsel have we taken from the oracles of the Gods, from the wisest among our friends, and from the teaching of our heart, that ever, like a nesting bird, broods over our people's weal. Sharp are the words that thou hast brought across the sea; methinks better had they been fitted to the ears of some petty, half-tamed Prince than to those of Egypt's Queen. Therefore have we numbered the legions that we can gather, and the triremes and the galleys wherewith we may breast the sea, and the moneys which shall buy us all things wanting to our war. And this we find, that, though Antony be strong, yet hath Egypt naught to fear from the strength of Antony."

She paused, and a murmur of applause of her high words ran down the hall. Only Dellius stretched out his hands as though to push them back. Then came the end!

"Noble Dellius! Half are we minded there to bid our tongue stop, and, strong within our fortresses of stone and our other fortresses built of the hearts of men, abide the issue. And yet thus shalt thou not go. Guiltless are we of those charges against us that have come to the ears of noble Antony, and which now he rudely shouts in ours; nor will we journey into Cilicia to answer them."

Here the murmur arose anew, while my heart beat high in triumph; and in the pause that followed, Dellius spoke once more.

"Then, Royal Egypt, my word to Antony is word of war?"

"Nay," she answered; "it shall be one of peace. Listen! We said that we would not come to make answer to these charges, nor will we. But"—and she smiled for the first time—"gladly will we come, and that swiftly, in Royal friendship to make known our fellowship of peace upon the banks of Cydnus."

I heard, and was bewildered. Could I hear aright? Was it thus that Cleopatra kept her oaths? Moved beyond the hold of reason, I lifted up my voice and cried,

"O Queen, remember!"

Like a lioness she turned upon me, with a flashing of the eyes and a swift shake of her lovely head.

"Peace, Slave!" she said; "who bade thee break in upon our counsels? Mind thou thy stars, and leave matters of the world to the rulers of the world!"

I sank back shamed, and, as I did so, once more I saw the smile of triumph on the face of Charmion, followed by what was, perchance, the shadow of pity for my fall.

"Now that you brawling charlatan," said Dellius, pointing at me with his jewelled finger, "hath been rebuked, grant me leave, O Egypt, to thank thee from the heart for these gentle words."

"We ask no thanks from thee, noble Dellius; nor lies it in thy mouth to chide our servant," broke in Cleopatra, frowning heavily; "we will take thanks from the lips of Antony alone. Get thee to thy master, and say to him that ere he can make ready a fitting welcome our keels shall follow in the track of thine. And now, farewell! Upon thy vessel thou shalt find some small token of our bounty."

Dellius bowed thrice and withdrew, while the Court stood waiting the Queen's word. And I, too, waited, wondering if she would yet make good her promise, and name me Royal spouse there in the face of Egypt. But naught she said. Only, still frowning heavily, she rose and, followed by the guards, left the throne, and passed into the Alabaster Hall. Then the Court broke up, and as the lords and councillors went by they looked on me with mockery. For though none knew all my secret, nor how it stood 'twixt me and Cleopatra, yet were they jealous of the favour shown me by the Queen, and rejoiced greatly at my fall. But I took no heed of their mocking as I stood dazed with misery and felt the world of Hope slip from 'neath my feet.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on April 11 at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £282 were voted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during March, and grants were also made to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2500 were also ordered to be made on some of the 293 life-boat stations of the institution. The receipt of several contributions was announced, including the Queen's annual subscription of £50; also £500 from the Baltic Life-Boat Fund, received per H. Kains-Jackson, Esq., on account of the Baltic life-boat for Wells and the new Mark-Lane life-boat just stationed by the institution at Gorleston; £100 from R. S. Wrightson, Esq., £50 from the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., £25 from the Earl of Mount Edgumbe; and £5 12s. 11d., offertory from the Rossall School Chapel, per the Rev. C. C. Tancock. It was resolved that with the view of diminishing the terrible loss of life from fishing-vessels which takes place each year on the coasts of the United Kingdom, the institution should co-operate with the National Sea-Fisheries Protection Association in carrying out a series of exhaustive experiments with oil, such experiments in the first instance to be tried in the North Sea during the operation of "boarding" fish from the smacks to the carriers, this probably being the best means of testing the value of the experiments.

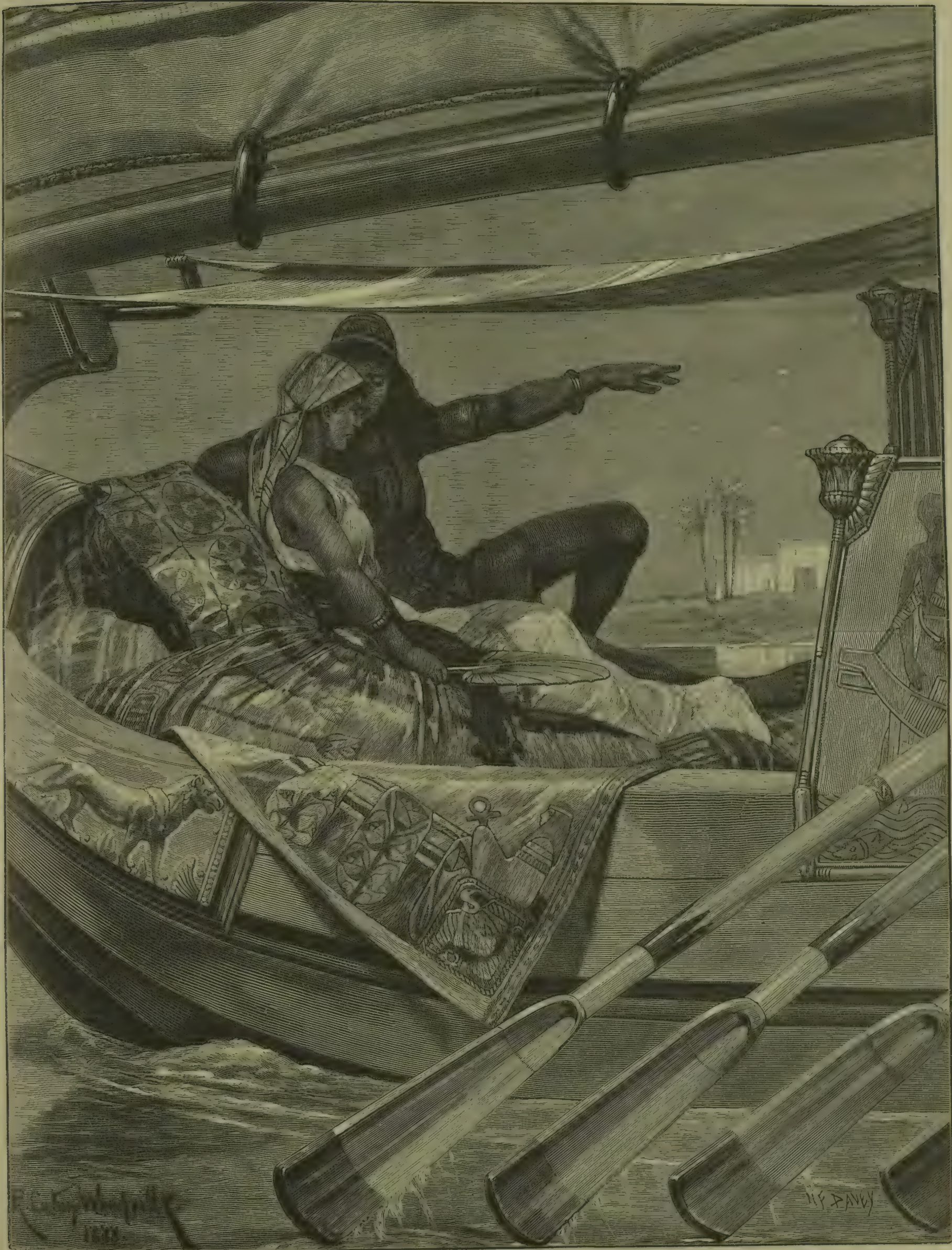
The Lord Mayor has remitted a further sum of £3000 to the Shanghai Relief Committee. The Mansion House Fund, including promises, amounts to £24,500.

The death of Professor Mainwaring Brown has rendered vacant the Chair of English Language and Literature in the University of Otago, Dunedin. The salary is £600 per annum, with the class fees, which are £3 3s. per term of six months.

A memorial-window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in the church of St. Mary, Stamford, the gift of Mr. Groves, in memory of his father, as a companion-window to one in memory of his mother, executed by the same artist. The subject, illustrative of generosity, is "King David's forgiveness of Absalom."

* That is, "Horus on the horizon"; and signifies the power of Light and Good overcoming the power of Darkness and Evil incarnate in his enemy, Typhon.—Ed.

† About forty thousand pounds of our money.—Ed.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Night after night, for those four happy nights, the last happy hours I ever was to know, we sat hand in hand upon the deck and heard the waters lap the vessel's side, and watched the soft footfall of the moon as she trod the depths of Nile.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME MICROSCOPIC FRIENDS.

When a very thin film of blood is placed under a microscope of sufficient power, we observe that, so far from being a uniformly red fluid, blood is really as colourless as water. This apparent paradox between what we see with the unassisted sight and what is beheld under the microscope, is entirely explained when we discover that the red colour of blood is due, not to any inherent property of colour in blood as a fluid, but to the enormous number of red particles which float in it. What the microscope enables us to see is the clear liquid between the red particles it bears. To the naked eye, which is unable to distinguish minute objects, and which sees things only in the mass, as it were, blood naturally appears red. In any case, it will take its colour from its floating particles. Some worms have green blood; this is due to the green hue of their blood-particles. An oyster or a lobster has colourless blood, because it possesses no coloured particles at all, but only white or colourless ones. The blood-particles we name "corpuscles;" and in addition to the red ones seen in our blood there are also white corpuscles. The latter are less numerous than the red, and we may calculate that about one white to 400 or 500 red corpuscles, may be taken as a fair or average estimate of their proportion. The red corpuscles of the blood discharge a very important duty in the maintenance of our lives. They are the gas-carriers of the blood. They go forth from the lungs laden with the oxygen we have breathed in; they return to the lungs charged with the carbonic acid gas which we have to breathe out. So far, then, the use and duty of the millions of red particles in our blood are not by any means matters of doubt.

The white corpuscles, on the other hand, possess a far more curious and eventful history. Each is a mass or cell of living matter—"protoplasm," as it is named—measuring in diameter the one twenty-five hundredth part of an inch or thereabouts. It also possesses a smaller and solid particle in its interior. Now, being a mass of living matter, our white corpuscle possesses powers of independent movement; and this first fact introduces us to a startling consideration. We possess in our blood millions of little living bodies, which are, in a sense, independent of us—autonomous subjects, as it were, of the body at large. They are not under our control in any sense; but live and move, and discharge their duties as freely as if they recognised no right or title of their possessor to question their acts. Somewhere about the year 1846, Dr. Augustus Waller, observing the circulation in the finest blood-vessels—such as we can observe in the web of the frog's foot, and in other transparent textures of that convenient animal's frame—declared that he saw blood corpuscles, and especially white ones, insinuating their way through the walls of the vessels, and, passing out through these tubes, finally land amid the tissues of the animal's frame. This observation, at first received with hesitation and surprise, was fully confirmed. It became known that the white corpuscles, instead of leaving the blood-vessels as a matter of rarity, executed that manoeuvre as part and parcel of their ordinary life-work. They are seen to migrate regularly from their protecting vessels, and are observed to wander about, as it were, within the body, each on a roving commission, apparently uncontrolled by any of the familiar forces or conditions of the frame.

Matters remained at this stage of research for a considerable number of years. Not so very long ago, ardent observers, however, once again returned to the history of these wandering blood-particles. I have always entertained an objection to quoting in popular papers names which are technical in nature; but, possibly, there will be no great risk of startling any of my readers if I add that these white blood-particles are now known as "leucocytes"; while, from another characteristic of their life and labour, they have also been named "phagocytes." Watching one of these living particles on a microscope-slide specially kept at the blood's own temperature, we can see it literally to flow from one shape to another. It imitates in this way the movements of many an animalcule in the pools. We may also see our independent white corpuscle seizing and digesting food particles, as if, in very truth, it were an independent animalcule. This power of feeding, we shall see, is an important characteristic of our wandering particle. On this account it has been called a "phagocyte"—literally an "eating-cell." In all animals, from man downwards, then, we see these white blood-cells, migrating from blood-vessels, passing out among the tissues, and thus showing forth an independence which is not without physiological reason or justifiable pretext. The further story of their life-work is interesting and may be readily understood. For it is now a matter of certainty that among all the servants of our bodies, we possess none more active, none more faithful, and none more necessary than our wandering cells.

When the young frog or tadpole attains a certain stage of development, and when it is about to exchange its water-life for the higher land-existence, the fishlike tail requires repression and demands extinction as part and parcel of frog-advance. Of old, we believed the disappearance of the frog's tail was due to a simple process of atrophy or wasting away. We know better to-day. By close microscopic investigation, we are able to see a curious work proceeding in the tadpole's appendage. It swarms with white cells which have migrated into its substance from the blood-vessels. They are there for a purpose, and they work with a will. They are seen in the act of eating and devouring the substance of their possessor. The tadpole in this sense, and through its semi-independent white-blood cells, is living upon itself, and eating up life's "principal" in place of living upon the interest represented by its food. Within the bodies of these white cells in the tadpole's tail, microscopists have been enabled actually to see the fragments of muscle and nerve they have torn from the tail substance. Little wonder that the tail "grows small by degrees and beautifully less" under such a vigorous attack; and in the gills of the tadpole (which disappear with the tail) the same devouring process is seen to proceed. Thus, the disappearance of the tail is a matter of vital action—as much so, indeed, in one sense, as its growth. It is a new experience of life to find certain of the living particles of the body set apart, as in the case of the frog, for the work of ridding that body of its encumbrance, and of assisting it to rise in the scale of life.

Nor is this all. In the water-fleas which swarm in every brook, the white cells have been seen engaging in a hand-to-hand fight with vegetable spores or fungi which gained admittance to the bodies of the fleas, and which threatened to kill those animals. Like a ship boarded by enemies, the water-flea's body was the scene of a grim contest. As a writer puts it, if the white cells overpower and eat up the vegetable intruders, the water-flea lives; if the cells fail to overcome the invaders, the water-flea dies. A further thought about these microscopic friends extends to human life. If our bodies receive germs which grow and multiply within our tissues, what is seen in the water-flea will occur within the human frame. There is a battle between our white cells and the germs of disease. If the latter are victorious, we fall ill of the fever or other ailment; if we escape the fever, our immunity is due to the victory, over the germs, of our microscopic friends.

ANDREW WILSON.

NEW BOOKS.

Madame De Staël; Her Friends, and her Influence in Politics and Literature. By Lady Blennerhassett. Three vols. (Chapman and Hall).—This book is not written precisely from the English point of view, in which case it might seem rather too bulky for the interest of its subject. The authoress is a lady of German birth and family, Countess Charlotte Von Leyden, who became in 1870 the wife of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart., sometime M.P. for Kerry; and she feels that Germany owes a special tribute of regard to Madame De Staël, which may as well be paid now, when France is about to commemorate the centenary of the Revolution of 1789. England, as well as Germany, was favoured by Madame De Staël with an approving estimate of our national character, towards the crisis of the great conflict with the first Napoleon. It was in 1813, when the destruction of his army in the retreat from Moscow, the victory of the Allies at Leipsic, and Wellington's victories in Spain, threatened Napoleon with approaching ruin, that Madame De Staël visited England a second time. The way in which she had got here was circuitous and adventurous. Being virtually a prisoner in her own house at Coppet, near Geneva, forbidden the society of her friends, she escaped in May, 1812, accompanied by young Rocca, whom she had privately married, and by August Wilhelm Schlegel, her German literary assistant; passed through Berne to Vienna, thence through Galicia to Russia, by Kiev and Moscow to St. Petersburg, on to Stockholm, where she was joined by her eldest son, and there took ship for London. Here she was received by English society in a manner very different from the circumstances of her former visit, in 1793, when she fled from Robespierre's Reign of Terror, but was regarded as a French Republican intriguer of the less furious party, and as a lady of not very delicate behaviour. She now became the female champion of European liberty against the detested tyrant of the Continent, whose anger she had braved from the beginning of his usurpation, and who had basely inflicted upon her all sorts of injuries and insults. She was, moreover, the authoress of "Delphine" and "Corinne," two sentimental romances which had won some vogue in their day; and she had been an eye-witness, in Paris, of the most amazing incidents of the Revolution. The daughter of Necker, the Geneva banker who was twice Finance Minister of Louis XVI., and whose rectitude and integrity were universally esteemed, she had been the wife of Baron De Staël, the Swedish ambassador, a man of inferior character and abilities, but long employed in diplomatic negotiations of importance between France and Sweden. After vainly endeavouring, before and after the overthrow of the French monarchy, to make her own "salon" the centre of a governing party, she had devoted herself to literary activity; first as a disciple of Rousseau, then as a political pamphleteer, hostile to the Jacobins; then as a romance-writer, an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties and past glories of Italy; finally, as a critical student of German literature, which at that time was little known in England and was contemned and detested in France. "Corinne," though it was once read here with interest, and some of its characters, Oswald, Lord Nelvil, and the Edgermond family, are English, is not a work that merits a high place among standard imaginative fictions. The authoress had the gift of passionate eloquence, but her conceptions lacked organic harmony and the air of substantial reality; she discussed and declaimed, instead of creating. Her restless and superficial intelligence spent all its force on axioms of social and personal life, expressions of feminine sentiment, and mistaken philosophical notions, of which she talked incessantly, her tongue in conversation being the most voluble of her sex. It was the terror of men like Schiller and Goethe, during her visit to Weimar; of Fichte, at Berlin, when she bade him explain to her his "Wissenschaftslehre" in a quarter of an hour; and of Byron, who said that she "wrote octavos, but talked folios"—all for nothing. Yet her book, entitled "De l'Allemagne," published in October, 1813, was accepted, not undeservedly, as a fair comprehensive account of the intellectual progress of Germany, of the great thinkers, poets, humanists, scholars, and philosophers of that country, in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. The amount of assistance she may have had from the two Schlegels, Wilhelm Von Humboldt, Johann Von Müller, Karl Ritter, and other Germans, during ten years subsequent to her stay at Weimar and Berlin, cannot be ascertained. Madame De Staël was rich, and was very hospitable to literary men; her house was compared to a workshop, in which reading and writing, and talking of such matters, went on from morning to night between the hostess and her guests. This was her peculiar vanity, when she had given up that of being a managing politician; and though she more than once fancied herself to be in love with a handsome or clever man, and may have committed some indiscretions, there are on record no common scandals of her behaviour. She was anything but beautiful as a woman, slovenly and eccentric in her dress, and wanting in grace and refinement of manners. On the other hand, she had considerable virtues, those of sincerity, good nature, generosity, and courage, being conspicuous features of her character; she exerted herself to promote her husband's interests, though practically separated from him, and took good care of her children; she adored her excellent father, and tenderly watched over his old age; she helped many of the French Royalists to escape the guillotine in the Reign of Terror, and gave much of her fortune to the relief of the needy. She was never untrue to a friend, man or woman, in private life; while she was true to the principles of rational freedom and of equity, in her views of national politics, and refused to conciliate Napoleon at the height of his power.

Three Generations of Englishwomen. By Janet Ross. Two vols. (John Murray).—Mrs. Ross, the authoress of some agreeable descriptions of Italy, which we have had the pleasure of noticing, represents the fourth generation of an English family remarkable for examples of great talent and accomplishment, and of strong personal character, in its women, through a direct line of descent. Her mother was Lady Duff Gordon; her grandmother was Mrs. Austin; her great-grandmother was Mrs. John Taylor, of Norwich. Their biographies, especially that of Mrs. Austin, who earned a position of considerable social eminence by her own merit, occupying most of the space, are related in these two volumes, which we have read with much admiration. Sarah Taylor, born in 1793, married to John Austin in 1819, lived to 1867; and, besides her great literary industry, carried on a friendly and confidential private intercourse with some of the most important persons of the time. The letters that she received and wrote are of no slight value towards estimating the political and social conditions of England, France, and Germany, during about thirty-five years; and she had frequent opportunities of learning by conversation much more than was published of the real thoughts and sentiments of leading minds. Examples are rare, in English society, of such a position being readily given to a lady who had no advantages of rank, or family connection with the aristocratic class, or riches and the means of entertaining fashionable company, and whose actual performances in literature were modest and unpretentious. Mrs. Austin was

a handsome woman of charming manners, but of domestic habits, and devoted to serious pursuits, living on a narrow income, which she partly earned, in a cottage at Weybridge. Eminent statesmen and diplomatists, the heads of Royal and noble families, great lawyers and great scholars and philosophers, sought her friendship and frankly confided to her their undisguised opinions, as they would, perhaps, not have done to a lady of fashion. She could give them only sympathy, and a little gentle counsel, in return; and there must have been in her own personal character, apart from the mere talents or acquisitions in which others may have surpassed her, some qualities that secured these lifelong attachments. Good sense and sound judgment, sincerity and fidelity, with an entire absence of small ambition and of feminine or literary vanity, and with an earnest study of truth for the sake of human welfare, appear to have been her main characteristics. They were probably inherited from her mother, the ancestress of so many Taylors and Martineaus distinguished both for integrity and for superior ability. This was the excellent Susannah Taylor (one of the Cooks of Norfolk), wife of a thriving yarn-dealer at Norwich; a clever, well-educated, high-spirited woman, to whom such men as Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Parr, and Southey delighted to talk of politics or literature, while she kept on darning stockings, or would go to buy a leg of mutton and bring it home in her basket. This Mrs. John Taylor, who died in 1823, occupies the earlier chapters of the first volume; then comes her daughter Sarah, afterwards Mrs. Austin. The latter owed, in a great measure, to Mr. Austin, during five years before her marriage and many years subsequently, the solidity of her intellectual development, and her appreciation of masculine force of thought. But while her faithfulness and tenderness as a wife never underwent a change, and were again proved by her extraordinary labours in editing his manuscript writings after his death, that very able, honest, and learned man was somewhat of a disappointment to herself and to the world. He had a genius for the scientific analysis of law that few have possessed in an equal degree, and was always a diligent student; but after the failure, in 1835, of the Professorship of Jurisprudence to which he had been appointed at London University, he became disheartened and did little more of teaching or writing. During two or three years, ending in July, 1838, he was in Malta, employed on a Government commission, which he performed to the great benefit of that island; while Mrs. Austin's generous womanly efforts to cheer and raise the social life of its inhabitants, and to establish schools and hospitals, won the gratitude of all classes of the native people. At other times, until the French Revolution of 1848, they led a rather wandering life in Germany or in France. Mrs. Austin had been one of the earliest considerable translators of German literature; her "Characteristics of Goethe," published in 1833, though based on a work by Falk, contained much that was original, and gained the warm approval of Carlyle, two of whose letters to her appear in this collection. At Bonn, at Dresden, at Berlin, and at Carlsbad, she was received by illustrious Germans with many tokens of personal regard, but the Prussian capital was uncongenial to her political sentiments. Disliking the military spirit and the traditions of an absolute monarchy and an exclusive aristocracy, she felt more at home in Paris during the reign of King Louis Philippe. Her intimate friends there—of whom M. Guizot, M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, and M. Victor Cousin were the most distinguished, though she perceived the vanity and inconstancy of the last-named French philosopher—contributed largely to form her ideas on ethical and political subjects. Their intercourse with Mrs. Austin was kept up to the end; it produced numerous interesting letters, to be read in these volumes; and it also led to her acquaintance with the Duchess of Orleans and her son, the Comte de Paris, living at Claremont after the Revolution of 1848. Her literary labours, continued from 1825 during about forty years, were of solid merit and usefulness, but singularly unpretentious. She preferred translating some of the best German works, such as Ranke's "History of the Popes" and "History of the Reformation," to writing original treatises. Indeed, her "Characteristics of Goethe" was mainly a translation with valuable additions. The beautiful "Story Without an End," by Carové, was introduced by Mrs. Austin to English readers in the following year; but she never attempted fiction of her own inventing. Much of her work, in compiling and commenting on the reports of French and German authorities concerning systems of popular education, and memoirs of foreign statesmen, had great utility for the occasion, but could not gain her an abiding fame. Among her eminent correspondents were some of the leading minds of the foremost European nations; and their evident respect for her opinions made the influence of Mrs. Austin probably equal to that of Madame De Staël in the preceding generation. Her daughter, Lucie, who in 1840 married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, inherited the literary talent of Mrs. Austin, but did not acquire the same profound and exact knowledge. She was, however, a charming person, good, brave, generous, affectionate, as well as clever; and her "Letters from the Cape," and "Letters from Egypt," in which countries she was compelled by weak health to pass most of the winters from 1861 to 1869, are full of delightful anecdotes. The liveliness of her observation, and the natural play of her fancy and humour, among the strange scenes and people around her, in a long residence with the Arabs and fellahs of the Upper Nile, render this part of her biography very amusing; while few readers can be unaffected by her touching kindness, and by the feelings of humane sympathy and womanly tenderness which prompted this gracious lady to share the simple joys, and to relieve the sorrows, of an alien race in the land where she died, and where her memory is greatly beloved.

A Summer's Cruise in the Waters of Greece, Turkey, and Russia. By Alfred Colbeck (T. Fisher Unwin).—Any man who has read something of the world's history and thought much about it would be glad to use his eyes on the shores between Europe and Asia, which are thoughtlessly passed by thousands of people intent only on private business or idle amusement. Mr. Colbeck, a resident at the quiet Cornish seaport of St. Ives, had an opportunity of going on board a Cardiff steamer bound to Taganrog in the Sea of Azov, a mercantile voyage which is not extraordinary; and, having an observant and reflecting mind, furnished with a moderate share of appropriate knowledge, has produced a book which is skilfully and judiciously written, touching many themes of interest to readers of scholarly taste. He enjoys the delightful views of those famous isles, Milo or Melos, Delos and Paros and Naxos, Andros, Tenos, and Zea; he recalls their legendary traditions, or the incidents with which they are connected in the brilliant career of Hellenic Republican freedom. Athens he did not visit; the modern port of call for commercial navigation is Syra, a bustling seaport town on an island amidst this group, of which he gives a particular description, having had time to land and to see the streets and the churches. Those little rocky bits of land, which were the stepping-stones of Ionic civilisation from Asia to Europe, bringing the gifts of art and letters, of industry and trade, of social and political organisation, with the bright visions of



Chorus of wives

1st "And you will keep your coat buttoned won't you Mac?
2nd "You will be sure to keep this round your throat, dear?
3rd Good bye my darling you won't kill yourself will you!

Which our wives could see us go we started off "



"There was a bit of a stream to cross we should have got over all right if it hadn't been for that Gawk of a Maclean behind "

"Great Scott !



Chorus wies
1st -- my dear ! my dear !! my dear !!!
2nd -- They are drowned, I knew they would be !
3rd -- I said he'd get killed and he's done it !



" Women always do make such a fuss !



" They shall never go fishing with out us again "

Evelyn Stuart Hardy.

THREE FISHERS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Olympian mythology, to their destined home and school in Greece, will for ever be most interesting to mankind. But the author shows the same feeling, with equal justice, in his further voyage eastward and northward, by Patmos to Samos, the birthplace of wise Pythagoras, to Scio or Chios, possibly the birthplace of Homer, to Lesbos or Mitylene, the cradle of lyric poetry, and to the shore of the plain of Troy, with Tenedos, where the Grecian fleet lay hidden to compass the destruction of Priam's city. Imbros, Lemnos, and Samothracia, the grandest in aspect of all these islands, with its lofty mountain peaks, dense forests, and profound rifts and chasms, and commanding a noble view of the mainland promontory of Mount Athos, conduct the voyager to the Dardanelles. One has perused many previous narratives of such a trip; but this is still pleasing, and Mr. Colbeck is able to present his impressions with some freshness. In a later chapter he traces the repeated voyages of the Apostle Paul between the Asiatic and the Macedonian or Greek coasts—a subject of much biographical interest, apart from the religious

significance of the errand, capable also of better verification than many passages of ancient history. The Dardanelles or Hellespont, the Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, and the Bosphorus, are described with a good eye to their attractive features and a sense of important recollections. The author's essay on the origin, characteristics, and prospects of Islam does not seem to us particularly valuable; nor those on the Russo-Greek Church, the condition of the Russian Empire, and the Nihilist conspiracy. His views of these subjects may be tolerably correct, but can hardly be derived from personal investigation by himself in Turkey and Russia. London of To-day, by C. Eyre Pascoe (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), of which the fifth annual issue has just appeared, contains each year so much fresh information that it may also claim to be a new work written up to the latest date. The author, who writes more especially for visitors, cannot, at any rate, be accused of narrow views or interested motives, for he discusses with equal frankness the advantages of West-End and West-Central hotels and the attractions of Toynbee Hall as

resting-places. Having decided where to stay, the visitor's next question is how he can make best use of his time, what is best worth seeing, and how is he (or she) to get the best return for the money devoted to the pursuit of pleasure? To all these questions "London of To-day" furnishes definite answers. In giving the detailed statement of the Prince of Wales's daily life from May 1 to July 26 last year, he may propose a somewhat high standard of fashionable life; and, honestly, we should rather pity the person who attempted to rival such a catalogue of achievements. There are, however, many things worth seeing in London and during the season to which the Prince did not devote his time—as, for instance, ascending St. Paul's, attending Henley Regatta, or driving to Bentley Priory. All such and many other ways of "passing a happy day" are duly chronicled in Mr. Eyre Pascoe's handy and readable volume. Ladies are, at the same time, not forgotten; and the shops where they may purchase all they want, and all they do not want, are duly chronicled—besides many other things which they will be glad to know.



LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR: SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

NEW ENGLISH ART.

The committee of the New English Art Club, whose pictures are now on view at the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), are, we think, well advised in limiting, for the present, the number of works exhibited. Although the club members have not, so far as we are aware, issued any authoritative statement of their aims and methods, it is only reasonable to suppose that some bond of feeling, some standard of taste, or some ideal of art has brought together the apostles of "New English Art." It is not within our province to express an opinion, still less a judgment, upon the intentions of these modern Crusaders; but we have some right to know what is their aim, and if the pursuit of that aim is the *raison d'être* of their school. If we look round this gallery, in which interesting works are numerous, we are sorely perplexed and hindered in our search. One cannot assume that beauty of expression is an aim of the new school, when we find Mr. James Pryde's idea of the Portrait of a Lady (24), a mere patch of colour at the top of a mass of black canvas, her head brought into dangerous proximity to a white frame; nor can it be realism in its best sense when one of Mr. Francis Bates' "Lovers in a Tennis-court" (5) has not even a rainbow or a damp cloud on which to seat himself; nor is it impressionism as interpreted by Mr. Walter Sickert's "Music-hall Scene" (44), for we can scarcely imagine that the Islington frequenters of "Collins's" would be content with so shadowy and intangible a songstress as the lady whom the artist, with an obvious appreciation of merely luminous effect, has brought upon the not-distant stage. This contradiction pursues one through the room, and however much we feel tempted to admire individual works, we feel almost forced to acknowledge that the only bond of union the members recognise is a love of eccentricity. To this it must be admitted they add the courage of their opinions, and the result is a display of work very different from that to be met with elsewhere. If from subject-painting we pass to landscape, we find that for the most part low tones, almost morbidly so, predominate. None, or at least very little, of the "joy of earth" is traceable in such works as Mr. Seymour Walter's "Close of Day" (2), Mr. Herbert Dalziel's "Nightfall" (49), Mr. Corsan Morton's "Autumn Evening" (74), Mr. Laidlay's "Twilight on the Broads" (82), and Mr. Buxton Knight's "Far-Spent Day" (91). These are, all of them, interesting, and almost poetic, works in their way; but the way is that of weariness, disappointment, and despair. When the new school breaks into brightness and colour it is exaggerated or fantastic, as in Mr. Sargent's "St. Martin's Summer" (65), two dolls in a punt bedecked with daubs of paint; and "A Morning Walk" (69), beside a river of such depth of blue as would make the Rhone at Geneva seem pale. Here and there, as in Mr. Anderson Hague's "Springtime" (60) and Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Willow, Alder, Marsh and Mere" (79), we get a glimpse of something more joyous, and, at the same time, more in consonance with Nature as ordinary eyes see her. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Bathers" (33) is also a successful work, full of sunlight and healthy feeling; and there is a sense that in his work, "In from the Dogger Bank" (92), Mr. Nelson Dawson has dared to attempt a scene which most artists would avoid, from the almost insuperable difficulties it presents. Returning to the figures, we must say that Mr. Delissa Joseph's idea of "Verve" (12) suggests very unpleasantly a victim of chorea such as one may see at Bethlem or Charenton; but it must yield the palm to Mr. Sidney Starr's portrait (45) of a gentleman whose idea of graceful pose is so eclectic that it destroys the pleasure one would have in looking at so clever a bit of drawing and colour. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen contributes a full-length portrait (68) of a tall and graceful lady in a grey cloak; and very rightly the place of honour in the room has been assigned to a work which displays very remarkable qualities, although in point of actual finish it falls short of Mr. J. J. Shannon's beautiful head (104) and of Mr. S. Solomon's portrait of Miss Berens (78), both of which are among the gems of the Exhibition. Mr. James Guthrie's portrait of Dr. Andrew Gardiner (94) is also a very conscientious and satisfactory piece of work, although a trifle prosaic; but, on the other hand, there is almost poetry in M. Blanche's treatment of "Baby's Breakfast" (55) and the tablecloth and ornaments of his "Still Life" (58); M. Roussel's study of "Hetty" (30), propped up against a rose-coloured pillow, would be more satisfactory if the lady had not been altogether deprived of her eyes; whilst Mr. Lavery's otherwise graceful full-length portrait of a lady (34), seated against a red curtain, is hopelessly marred by the extraordinary exaggeration of the hands. Mr. Frank Short's aquatints, "The Curfew" and "Rye Pier" (22), are full of refinement and softness; and Mr. George Thomson's studies in Silverpoint display careful and accurate workmanship; whilst in pastel, especially in "Dreamland" (85), Mrs. Ayton shows a fine sense of colour combined with delicate fancy.

By means of the exhibition of M. Claude Monet's work at the Goupil Galleries (116, New Bond-street) we are able to contrast the aims of the new English art with those of the master of the French impressionists. M. Monet is as independent of any school or master as any of our young countrymen who cultivate eclecticism. His short stay in Gleyre's atelier may have given him a love for colour; but it is rather in his own instincts that M. Monet has found the direction of his brush. If, however, we may judge from what we believe M. Monet's earliest work in this collection, the "Moulin d'Orgemont" (16) and its two companion pictures, we see that with him low tones and a somewhat melancholy or morbid sense of colour were dominant in his mind. The scene represented is familiar to any one who knows the environs of Paris, the chalky soil relieved by patches of black and grey, which stand out in hard line against the grey morning sky. Next comes a moonlight effect at the entrance of the harbour of Le Havre, in which, despite the careless rendering of the sea, one must admit that the fishing-boats and steamer are riding on the water as well as sailing through it. In his "Thaw at Argenteuil" (14), the snow lying in patches about the brown earth, the trees and the water give scope for a wider scheme of colour. It is unfortunate that there should be so wide and unbridged an interval as seems to exist between the painting of these three works and the remarkable view of "Vétheuil" (13) in a fog, or rather a morning mist, which has wrapt the landscape with a gauze-like scarf, which heightens the beauty of the mass of buildings on the hillside. Scarcely less interesting is the sea-piece (18) with the driving rain half hiding the rocks and washing all colour out of the landscape. From this we seem to pass almost without a break to the bright study of boats at "Argenteuil" (19), the picturesque, but almost Cockney resort of Parisians, with its red-tiled houses, white walls and many-coloured foliage. In this work, which is obviously one of transition, M. Monet still lingers upon the beauties of faintly indicated outlines and the mere impressions of general effect. The remainder of the pictures painted during the last two years are more audacious attempts to interpret the brightness and the radiance of Nature. The "Field of Poppies" (2) is a happy instance of M. Monet's powers in this way, and if studied

attentively and from a distance will be found to convey a distinct, and at the same time poetised, idea of a summer field. But his highest efforts are generally directed to bringing out the dazzling, vibrating effect of full sunlight—and of this we find examples in various pictures. The artist is always at his best when the sun is at its brightest, and in spite of the ludicrous renderings of the figures, the field in a blaze of sunshine (10) is, perhaps, his most successful work here to be found. The abrupt transition from blue to green which M. Monet sees in water and foliage will offend many, for it is scarcely in consonance with the experience of ordinary eyes; but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to find a truer and at the same time more subtle rendering of atmosphere than is conveyed by the view of "Antibes" (7), with its rose-tipped mountains in the background, or by the poplar-surrounded pool formed by the "Bend in the Epte" (17), bright with the delicate touch of early spring. In conclusion, we must all admit M. Monet's wonderful sense of colour and enjoyment of sunshine. Whether these feelings, to which he gives such free expression, are under the restraint of any reasoning influence, we will not undertake to guess. If the artist really sees in Nature such vivid contrasts as he depicts, there is no reason to restrain him from expressing the sense within him, and one should be careful in imputing, without due consideration, the motive of vanity or a desire for pose and notoriety to one who has obviously sacrificed the positive present for a problematical future.

SUNDAY ON BOARD A SHIP-OF-WAR.

The apostolic precept, "Let all things be done decently and in order," is generally observed in the British Navy, but especially in the regular performance of Divine worship on board ship, where the Captain, officers, and crew form a congregation as devout and reverent as may be collected in any church or chapel ashore. There are, it appears from the Navy List, more than a hundred and fifty chaplains now in active service, most of whom are also "naval instructors," teaching mathematics and other useful secular knowledge, being graduates of the Universities, and serving under the superintendence of the "Chaplain of the Fleet," who holds likewise the office of Inspector of Naval Schools; but there are, besides, a few instructors not in orders as clergymen. In the absence of a chaplain, it is the duty of the commanding officer of the ship to read the ordinary Morning Prayers and Lessons for the Day. To the seamen of the Royal Navy, as much as to men of any class among their countrymen, these observances are manifestly acceptable, and their social influence is felt to be highly beneficial, apart from the religious obligation to maintain them. Life under such conditions, with its mechanical routine of work and strictness of discipline, requires the comfort of humanising associations, and these are rendered more salutary by the habitual recognition of the Supreme Power.

CAVALRY DRILL AT ALDERSHOTT.

The Auxiliary Forces of Cavalry in Great Britain consist of seventy-nine regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry, two or three Corps of Light Horse Volunteers, and some Mounted Rifle Volunteers, whose territorial location is in two Cavalry Districts—the 1st District, for Scotland, the North of England, and Lincolnshire, having its head-quarters at York, where Colonel C. W. Duncombe is the inspecting officer; while the 2nd District, comprising the Home, the South-Eastern, the Southern, the Western, and the Eastern Military Districts (except Lincolnshire), has its head-quarters at Aldershot, Colonel E. A. Wood, C.B., being the inspecting officer there. A school of instruction is established at Aldershot, under the command of Captain R. H. Morrison, of the 18th Hussars, in which men of the Yeomanry and Mounted Volunteers are taught the necessary drill and manoeuvres, and of which our Artist furnishes two Illustrations. The use of the "rope-drill," apparently, is to accustom the men, practising it at first on foot, to keep at a precise interval from one another where the front is not filled up; and in the "skeleton-drill," likewise, their troop is incomplete; but it would be tedious to attempt a detailed explanation of these exercises. The regimental officers are required also to show their proficiency in making out the regular accounts and statements of their troops, and in the prescribed course of military and other studies.

The London County Council discussed, on April 11, the question of the control of the Metropolitan Police, and carried, by sixty-four against thirty-one, a resolution in favour of such control being vested in the Council.

The Duchess of Albany has consented to open, on May 15, the annual sale of work, to be held in the Townhall, Kensington, in aid of the Mission to the French in London, connected with the church under the pastorate of the Rev. J. Du Pontet de La Harpe, B.D. The sale is under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel-Rammingen, and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Lorentz Egeoes, master of the Norwegian barque Cato, of Stavanger, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Goolwa, of Glasgow, which was wrecked at sea on Jan. 5, 1888. The Board have also awarded a silver shipwreck medal for gallantry to Torjus Tollaksen, chief mate, and sums of money to the two seamen who manned the boat of the Cato which rescued the shipwrecked men.

The thirty-sixth report of the Charity Commissioners has been presented to Parliament. Besides furnishing the usual chronicle of the ordinary work of the Commissioners, the present report contains much valuable and important information on at least two matters of more than ordinary interest. One of these is the "Inspection of Foundations regulated by Schemes under the Endowed Schools Acts," which has now been undertaken by the Commissioners in pursuance of the recommendations of a Select Committee of the House of Commons; the other is the "Proceedings under the City of London Parochial Charities Act, 1883," which have resulted in the organisation, development, partial endowment, and incipient co-ordination of Polytechnic Institutes in different districts of London.

The Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China reached on April 12 the sum of £25,000, and collections and donations from all parts of the kingdom, principally through the clergy and those interested in missions, continue to come in. The Mayor of Belfast sent a first instalment of £150; Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham, remitted £62 14s., which had been collected in his diocese; and offertories made in the diocese of Clogher, in Ireland, amounting to £50, and in Killaloe to £24, were also received. Mr. James Gardiner contributed £25; Mr. G. N. Hooper, £10; Lady Augusta Onslow, £25; Mrs. W. H. Smith, £5; and the Master of Trinity, £5 5s. The Wesleyan Missionary Society sent in donations amounting to £188. The fund will definitely close at the end of April.

MUSIC.

Two important gaps in musical activity are caused by the close of the series of Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall and of the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace. The first-named performances terminated their thirty-first season on Monday evening, April 15, with a programme of great interest, although devoid of novelty. The season just ended has, indeed, been more than usually free from the production of new works—a fact which is matter for congratulation, so few musical compositions of the present period being worthy of public hearing, and still fewer being found to bear repeated performances. On the other hand, the vast repertoire of acknowledged classical works by the great masters possesses a permanent interest and value that no number of repetitions can weaken. The concert of April 15, excellent as it was, consisted of music so well known that no details are now requisite. The programme included the co-operation of Herr Joachim as leading and solo violinist, of Signor Piatti as solo violoncellist and member of the string quartet party (which included Mr. L. Ries and Herr Straus); Misses Fanny Davies, Janotha, and Zimmermann, as pianists; and Miss L. Lehmann as vocalist. The closing afternoon performance, on April 13, also consisted of effective performances of established classical works (the instrumental pieces all by Beethoven) with Herr Joachim in the same capacities as at the last evening concert, Miss Janotha as pianist, and Mr. H. Jones as vocalist.

The thirty-third series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace was completed with the twentieth performance, on April 13, when Miss Macintyre was announced as vocalist and Mr. Oscar Beringer as pianist. According to established custom, an extra concert is given for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. The date of this is April 20.

As already briefly stated, the programme of the third Philharmonic Concert of the present series included a new orchestral "Suite," and a pianoforte concerto by the Russian composer Tchaikowsky, with the first appearance here of Herr Sapellnikoff as pianist. Details of the performances must be reserved.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall closed their series of six performances with Handel's "Saul," as already briefly announced by us. This work has been less frequently heard than others by the same composer, the most recent important occasion having been at the Birmingham Festival last August. "Saul" contains much choral writing worthy of comparison with that of any of Handel's other oratorios, and this was generally well given in the recent performance now referred to, when the principal solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. H. Piercy (in lieu of Mr. Lloyd, indisposed), and Mr. W. Mills. Dr. Mackenzie occupied his established post as conductor. The oratorio was given with the additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Prout.

Good Friday is, as usual, solemnised musically in various quarters. At the Royal Albert Hall, the most impressive and appropriate solemnisation that could be found in the whole range of music was selected for the occasion—Handel's sublime oratorio "The Messiah," known, par excellence, as "the sacred oratorio." The announcements at the Crystal Palace included performances of sacred music selected from various sources, and the co-operation of eminent vocalists. At St. James's Hall, Mr. Ambrose Austin's annual sacred concert offered a programme comprising Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and a selection under the heading of "Gems from the Oratorios," several well-known vocalists having been engaged. Bach's Passion Music (with full orchestral accompaniments) was announced to form a feature in special evening services at St. Anne's Church, Soho, during Lent.

With the suspension of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, and the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, and the four weeks' interval in the Philharmonic Concerts, there will come a comparative and temporary lull in musical activity, which will be chiefly sustained by the production (as promised) of the new comedy-opera "Doris," at the Lyric Theatre, until the opening of a new series of the Richter Concerts on May 6, followed, on the 9th of that month by the continuation of the Philharmonic Concerts with the fourth performance of the society's seventy-seventh season.

Recent announcements have included the annual morning concert of Mr. H. Phillips (vocalist) at St. James's Hall on April 15; Mr. Max Heinrich's third song-recital at Steinway Hall on the following day; and a performance of Herr Bonawitz's "Requiem" at Prince's Hall on April 17.

The new opera, "Doris," announced for production at the Lyric Theatre on April 20, can, of course, only be noticed hereafter. Long and careful preparation and great expense have been bestowed on the arrangements for its performance, and lively expectation has been raised as to the result of the new work from the joint hands of Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. Alfred Cellier, the author and composer of "Dorothy," the prolonged success of which, during a run of upwards of 900 nights, justifies a favourable augury as to the fate awaiting "Doris."

"The Patent Music-Page Protector and Rapid Turn-Over" is an ingenious yet simple contrivance by which the edges of music pages are protected from being torn; and if torn, can be repaired by this invention, which facilitates the turning over of pages without taking more than one at a time. The simplicity, efficiency, and extreme cheapness of this contrivance seem calculated to ensure its wide adoption. It is promulgated by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., the eminent publishers.

The stewards of the House of Commons Steeplechase—Mr. Henry Chaplin, the Hon. Henry W. Fitzwilliam, and Lord Chesham—have decided that they had no option but to disqualify Mr. Flower's horse and award the race to Mr. Elliott Lees; but they entirely exonerate Mr. Flower from any intentional or wilful misstatement with regard to his horse.

The Church Missionary Society has received information from the Foreign Office that the Acting Consul-General at Zanzibar has telegraphed to the effect that the French missionaries at Bagamoyo had been informed by Bushire that he had received news that the Mpwapa and Mamboya missionaries had left the interior in safety, and had already almost reached the coast; and that arrangements had been made by the society's agents at Zanzibar to prevent any detention of the missionaries on their arrival at Bushire's camp.

It is announced that the next entrance examination at the Royal Holloway College, Egham, will be held on July 11 and 12, when the following entrance scholarships will be awarded in connection with it:—One of £40 a year for two years; one of £30 a year for three years; twenty-one of £30 a year for one year. Provision has also been made for twelve Founder's Scholarships to be awarded every year. These scholarships are of the annual value of £30, tenable for two years, and are open to all students who shall have been one year in residence, holders of other scholarships being eligible for them. The first examination for the Founder's Scholarships and for college prizes will begin on June 24.

THE SORROWS OF POETS.

It was Wordsworth, one of the happiest of men, who exclaimed—
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

And in the same mood of momentary depression he mourned over "the mighty poets in their misery dead." And, in truth, there is good reason for this sorrowful remembrance. The most grateful intellectual pleasure the mind of man can receive comes from the poets. They soothe, they inspire, they make the blood bound with pleasurable excitement, they enlarge the range of thought, they help to make life beautiful, they render the simplest objects of Nature instinct with meaning, and add a new and undying charm even to love itself. All this and more they do, and yet the story of the lives of poets, with a few fortunate exceptions, is one of the saddest in literature. Homer, if report says truly, was a blind wanderer. Sophocles had an unkind son who tried to prove that he was mad. Euripides is said to have been torn to pieces by dogs set upon him by two rival poets out of envy. Virgil might have been a happy man, for he had friends, fortune, and fame; but a weak body troubled him all his life, and what greater calamity can befall a man? Dante, the first and greatest Christian poet, was unhappily married, and lived for nineteen years an exile from the city he loved so well. It was when far from the home he was never more to see, and "when sorrow had become the poet's daily portion and the condition of his life," that he wrote the "Divina Commedia," which entitles him to sit with Homer and Æschylus, with Shakespeare and Milton, on the mountain heights of poetry. Tasso, whose "Gierusalemme Liberata" is, according to Hallam, "the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times," led, as all the world knows, one of the saddest of lives—partly from his own morbid melancholy and partly from the cruel treatment he received. Lope de Vega was forced to live in exile for many years; Cervantes, who is said to have been mortified with Lope's great success as a dramatist, spent eight years of imprisonment and slavery in Africa, and lost his left hand in battle.

Enough of foreign poets, seeing how long the list is of English singers who have "learned in suffering what they taught in song." There is no poet with a fuller sense of the beautiful, or with a finer instinct for the harmonies of verse, than Spenser; but the joy he gives to faithful readers did not crown his own verse. In early life he discovered, as a courtier—

What hell it is in suing long to bide,
To lose long days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent.

In later years, when fame had placed him at the head of living poets, his lot was cast in Ireland; but a rebellion drove him from the country, his house was sacked and burnt, and an infant child is said to have perished in the flames. He was, says his biographer, a ruined and heart-broken man; and do not these few words describe the depth of human sorrow? The mighty poet, in his misery dead, was buried in Westminster Abbey. No such honour was conferred on Kit Marlowe, to whom, after the lapse of three centuries, it is proposed to raise a monument. His great genius deserves the recognition; of the man one can but speak with pity. He was, as a contemporary writes, "unhappy in his life and end"—unhappy, because, "with wit lent from heaven," he had "vices sent from hell." The famous author of "Dr. Faustus" and of "Edward II." died in a tavern brawl, before he had reached the age of thirty—the age at which his poetical predecessor, the Earl of Surrey, perished by a judicial murder. A far greater poet than either lived long enough to achieve "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"; but Milton, the "organ voice of England," suffered from loneliness and blindness, from the loss of what he deemed a great cause, and from the neglect of his daughters, two of whom showed their contempt for their father by cheating him. Unhappy poet! What is fame, even though Europe rings with it, to the man whose home is desolate and loveless? Ten or eleven years after the death of Milton, Otway exemplified, as, happily, few have done, the extremity of a poet's misery. He died "choked by a mouthful of bread ravenously eaten when he was at the brink of starvation"! A story so infinitely sad will gain nothing by comment.

And now, travelling swiftly along, I come to the poets of the eighteenth century. One of the best men of his time was Addison, and in some respects he was one of the most fortunate. A few happily-turned lines secured him an official position, and on the wings of verse he rose to be Secretary of State. His poetry, with the exception of a few beautiful hymns, is now dead, and deserves its fate; but Addison, as a humourist and an essayist, has a high and secure place in literature, and of him it may be said that he wrote "No line that dying he would wish to blot." Was Addison a happy man? If success, high character, and a splendid reputation can make a man happy, Addison was that man; but he had the misfortune to marry a Countess, and, as Dr. Johnson observes, "has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love." Pope, too, like Addison, had his brilliant successes; but the great satirist—one of the most irritable and sensitive of mortals—smarted under the attacks of the men whose names he had "hitched into rhyme," and suffered as much in body as in spirit, for his life was one "long disease." His friend Swift, the greatest intellect of the time, was not a poet, though he ranks as one in collections; but no man, probably, was more racked with mental anguish than the famous author of "Gulliver's Travels." I pass on to a fine poet, William Collins, whose short life, while yielding deathless work, was eaten up with sorrow. He lived for years in great mental depression, and was confined for some time in a lunatic asylum. I am sure that Gray, who has written the most popular poem in the language, was too constantly depressed, owing to a wretched constitution, to be a happy man; and, coming nearer to the end of the century, what a mournful picture is presented by William Cowper, whose "Castaway" is one of the most pathetic poems in the language! There is not a sadder biography than that of the Olney poet, who, while gladdening others, died as he lived, in the darkness of despair. Before leaving the last century one thinks—

Of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride,

and finds in his sad story—which ended in his eighteenth year—another painful illustration of the unhappiness of poets. And one thinks, too, of Robert Burns, whose wonderful genius led him so far astray that his glory is sadly mixed with shame.

The exigencies of space warn me to end my illustrations here. In doing so I should like to answer a question which a reader might not unreasonably ask. How comes it, he may say, that poets who love so well to sit in the sunshine, and to dally with delights, should, apparently, be more liable than other men to the strokes of fortune? My answer is, though it may not be a sufficient one, that the exquisite sensibility to joy which belongs to the poetical temperament necessitates an equal sensibility to sorrow. It would seem as though genius were a gift too precious for a man to receive without having to take upon his shoulders a larger share than his fellows of the "noble burden of humanity." J. D.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G SMITH.—The problem you enclose is not without merit, but shows too many faults for publication. The double mate threatened by the key-move makes the solution very easy, whilst it deprives the problem of variety, and leaves open a serious dual to such a strong defence as it takes it. We will gladly look at further efforts of the same composer.

P DAILY.—The Pawn is placed there to throw the solver off the scent. If it is removed the escape of the King at B6th must be provided for, which at once leads to the solution.

A W LOVE (Wilbraham, Mass., U.S.A.).—Thanks for your offer; but our column can hardly hold the news available on this side of the water.

LIEUT.-COL. LORRAINE.—In the diagram we published of No. 2338 a B P at R 4th prevents the Kt making the move you describe as fatal to a solution in two moves.

J AMYGDALIS.—Shall have early attention.

MISS C FINCH (Paris).—Your problem is neat; but we could find you scores of problems of identically the same idea.

R W P (Bath).—Solutions may be sent in any time within three weeks of the problems published; but the sooner received the sooner acknowledged.

FLURIA.—(1) "Chess Openings; Ancient and Modern" (Trübner and Co.). (2) Scarcely, at least as evidenced in actual play.

J WHITTAKER.—Your diagram is ingenious; but we cannot admit problems in algebra into this column.

O WENTWELL.—Your solution of No. 2346 is wrong. The answer to 1. R to Q B sq is K takes P (ch).

E F (Hull).—We make a correction below.

** Our list of solvers must stand over till next week.

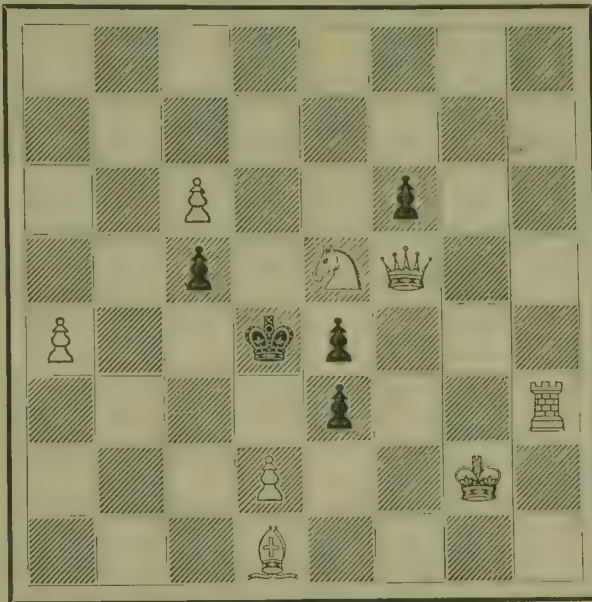
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2346.

By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 7th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2350.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.
Game played between MESSRS. HANHAM and BLACKBURNE.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q takes B	Kt to B 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	15. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to R 2nd
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	Threatening to win a piece by P to K 3rd.	
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q to Kt 3rd	
5. B to B 4th	P to B 3rd	An excellent reply.	
Kt to B 3rd is the correct move.			
6. P to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd	16. Kt to Q 2nd	K Kt to Q 2nd
7. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	17. B to K 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
8. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q R 4th	Feeble; but Black's game is bad, all his forces being out of play.	
9. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 5th	18. Castles (K R)	Castles (K R)
Black is simply flitting his game away in a weak attack with Pawns on White's strongest flank, whilst his own position is quite undeveloped.			
10. Kt to Q sq	B to R 3rd	19. Q to B 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
11. P takes P	P takes P	20. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd
12. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	21. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to R sq
13. Kt to K 3rd	B takes Kt	22. R to B 3rd	Q R to K sq

CHESS IN THE NORTH.

Played at the Newcastle Chess Club, between the late Mr. W. MITCHESON and Mr. G. C. HEBWOOD.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt takes B	Kt (Kt 5th) to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	A weak move, and the cause of subsequent trouble.	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	14. Q to R 5th	P to Q R 3rd
5. Castles	Castles	15. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 5th
7. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	17. B to Kt 5th	
8. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	Admirably played; having in view the whole combination which follows.	
9. P to Q 4th		17. Q takes P	P takes B
White has evidently had enough of the inactive policy of his opponent, which, though perfectly legitimate, is scarcely entertaining, and effectually put a stop to it by this advance.			
9. P takes P	Kt to Kt 5th	19. Q R to Kt sq	Q to B 6th
10. Kt takes P	Kt to Kt 5th	20. R takes B	Q takes R
11. Kt (Q 4th) to B 5th	B takes Kt	21. B to B 6th	Kt to B 5th
		22. Q to R 6th	

Another game between the same opponents played in the match between South Shields and Newcastle.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	11. B to Q 3rd	R to K sq.
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	12. Q to B 2nd	P to K R 3rd
3. P takes P		13. K R to K sq	B to Kt 5th
Kt to Q B 3rd is the continuation most favoured by the modern school. The text move is, however, perfectly satisfactory.			
3. P takes P	P takes P	14. Q to Q 2nd	
4. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	Well played; threatening B takes R P, &c.	
5. B to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd	14. B takes Kt	B takes Kt
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Castles	The correct reply. If now 15. B takes R P, Kt to K 5th; 16. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 17. B takes B, Q to R 5th.	
7. Castles	P to B 3rd	15. P takes B	Kt to R 4th
8. P to Q B 4th		The winning move, play as White may.	
Injudicious; as it enables Black to isolate White's Q P.			
8. P takes P	P takes P	16. P to B 4th	Q to R 5th
9. B takes P	Q Kt to Q 2nd	17. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	18. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th
		19. Q to B 2nd	B takes R

In our review of "Chess Openings" a fortnight ago, we stated that no reference had been made to the "Queen's Gambit Declined." We find, however, this particular branch of the Opening dealt with in another portion of the book, an altogether illogical arrangement, which can only perplex and embarrass the student, who would naturally expect the Gambit accepted and declined to appear under the same heading.

In regard to the "Openings at Odds," a series of works is announced by Mr. W. W. Morgan, jun., in which the subject is to be treated by illustrative games, the first to appear being a collection of 250 games at Pawn and move given.

The Chess-Player's Desideratum (London: C. Goodall and Son).—This is another of those handy little note-books for preserving games, problems, or positions, of which a record is desired. It contains thirty-two diagrams, and ruled spaces for fifty moves of play in duplicate—one for retention, the other (which is perforated for easy removal) for sending away. The printing is clear and good, and the general get-up is well adapted for the purpose the book has in view.

SENTIMENT.

I sits with my feet in a brook.
And if anyone asks me for why,
I hits 'em a tap with my crook.
And "This sentiment makes me," says I.

This illustration of the effect of sentiment comes, I believe, from Horace Walpole, the author of whose being was also author of the famous and unsentimental dictum that "every man has his price." It puts very clearly what Henri Mürger would have called the *bourgeois* view of sentimentality—a vice much and justly decried by the practical.

I do not know that there are any people more heartily and wholesomely disliked than the hypocrites of the affections and the arts: the people who for poetic reasons devote their lives to sitting with their feet in brooks. Sterne and Rousseau, according to the accounts commonly given of their actions, Harold Skimpole, and those delightful brothers in the "Golden Butterfly," are examples in fact and fiction of a type almost worse than the downright villains—Richard III. and Iago, stalwart in wickedness.

"There is nothing," said poor Sir Peter Teazle, "more noble than a man of sentiment"; but he repented him afterwards. Perhaps he was right at first—could but the man act up to his sentiments. But it is so easy to see what is wrong, to reprehend it, and then to fail dismally in trying to keep up to a higher standard of conduct.

I have always a pity for Robespierre. He began seemingly so well. He had a singularly gentle manner; everyone that knew him personally liked him. He was honest—the "sea-green incorruptible," as Carlyle christened him; he was tender-hearted—could not order the execution of a man. He was a philosopher, too, and had speculated nobly about men and things. And then he was placed in office, he had to carry out his views; and he found that human nature would not square with them at all. The perky little face still smiled; the mild little voice still talked of justice; but, within, the little being boiled with fury—and, for the moment of his power, gentle Robespierre swept off heads like a Nero: the noblest sentiments gave way to a very human temper. Soon came the end; and then it was seen that this mighty spirit lacked even courage. He tried to commit suicide; and did not do that well.

It is a type we have always with us, this; and a bad one. It makes itself more felt when there is some great movement in the air, as the awakening which brought out the strange character of Rousseau; or even an artistic rising like that of which the outward show came lately to be called aestheticism.

One cannot wonder that the ordinary "practical" man has such a contempt for sentiment, when these are some of its works; one cannot judge him too severely when this contempt sometimes carries him to the opposite extreme of a certain callousness of emotion; one pities and understands his amazement when a wave of sentiment sweeps over the land, knocks him down, does a variety of things he considers unjust, and upsets theories which he had held to be as sound and incontrovertible as that two and two are four.

I do not know a better example of this than the American War. Many sensible Americans were exceedingly tired of hearing, in season and out of season, that the nigger was "a man and a brother"; Artemus Ward—the most kindly of men—pointed out very truly that if he was our brother he was not also our uncle, and aunt, and cousin, and grandfather, and several of our wife's relations. Slavery was an evil, no doubt—though many of the negroes were much better off than they would be in freedom—but it was by no means the only evil in the world, and it was absurd to upset the entire nation, and hinder all manner of useful work, for the mere sake of righting one particular wrong.

Events showed—as has often been shown before and since—that there is no one more entirely unpractical than what is called a practical man. He allows for self-interest, for all reasons reducible to £ s. d.; he will even consider arguments founded on the evil passions of mankind—as revenge and envy. But he allows nothing whatever for the strongest motive of all—sentiment; and is speechless with disgust when a dreamer shows himself the true man of action, when Peter the Hermit preaches a crusade, and leads the nations away on a wild-goose chase to the East; or when the voice of Longfellow, Whittier, Theodore Parker, says that the one thing to be done first is to remedy a national disgrace, and if, in removing the disease, the patient dies—why then, Perish the nation!

Whether sentiment usually leads a people right or wrong, is quite a different matter. I am only saying that in most great questions it is the leader. Convince a people that a thing is morally right, and they will generally do it—though all the logic in the country demonstrate that they will be out of pocket by the deed. One may hope that their conviction is, for the most part, right; and, indeed, science has of late stepped in with the quieting assurance that, if we do what we think our duty, Nature will go on steadily conducting matters in the road which is not so much right, or wrong, as inevitable.

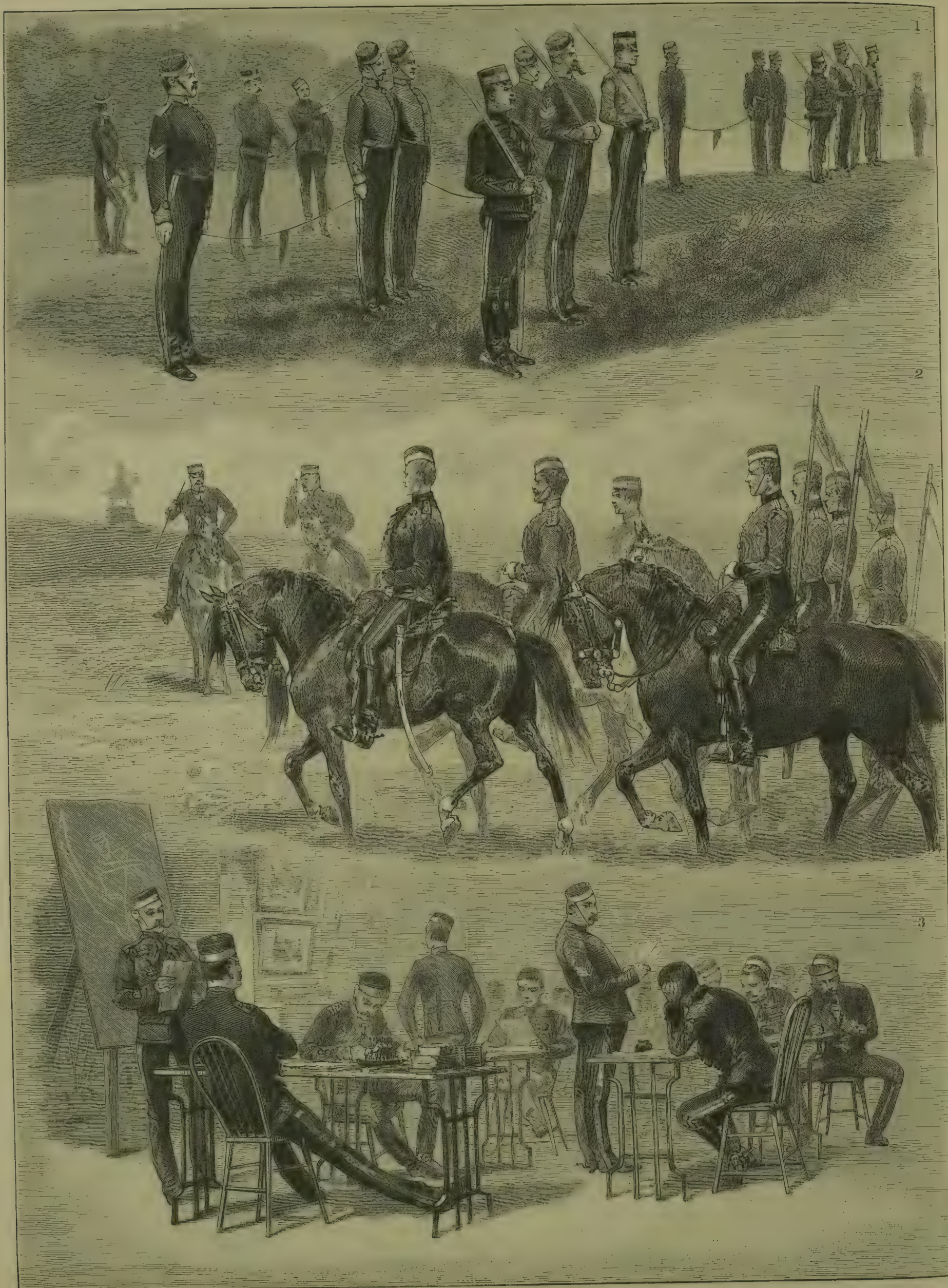
There must surely have been many men, with a common-sense in advance of their age, who were sorely puzzled what to do about those Crusades that I mentioned. It must have seemed to them a very wrong thing to take the flower of the country away to the remotest and most dangerous regions of the known earth, to kill (and be killed by) people who really had no intention of doing them wrong. Many must have felt it a duty to do all they could to discourage these expeditions; many did that duty, no doubt, but they failed—and now historians tell us that these Crusades brought knowledge from the East, awakened sleeping minds and stimulated the active; and were a necessary factor in the necessary development of feudalism.

It was even so with Sir Robert Walpole, in a singularly dull and ignoble age. He saw things as they were, and worked with the tools he found to his hand. He probably felt it was his first duty to do his work, and knew no other means of doing it; and the course of events went on, using him and his petty theory for its minor work, as it had used Peter the Hermit and the strength of his enthusiasm for its greater.

Perhaps the modern history of Germany gives us the completest example of the use and power of sentiment. Like a really practical man, Bismarck, by the sheer force of the sentiment of national unity, made a great empire out of chaos. Thirty years ago, Prussia was a power to be snubbed, to stand back while Austria, or France, or Russia said its say about the destiny of Europe; now the Chancellor of the German Empire is the strongest man in the world.

And yet he has forgotten whence he gained this strength: he has forgotten his own proof of the superiority of sentiment to brute force. Now he appeals to lower feelings, he tries to rule by working on the self-interest or the pride of the nation; and its moral sense, repressed, sends men to strange extremes—makes Socialism powerful enough to send a large party to Parliament. By a curious fate, his opposition to sentiment has so weakened him that he rules only by virtue of the country's affection for its old leader—by sheer sentiment, that will die with him. After which (as said another historical character) the Deluge!

E. R.

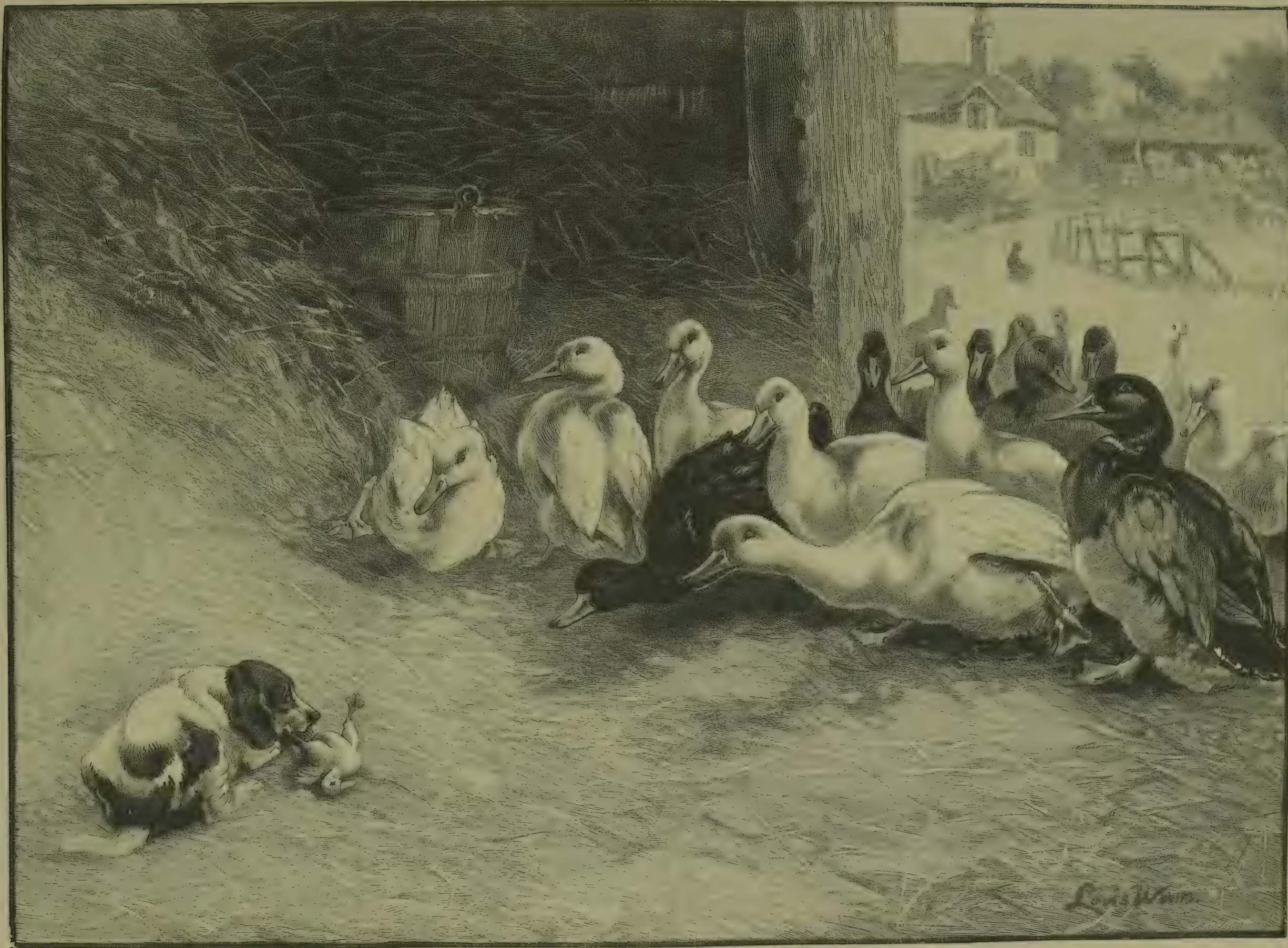


1. Rope-Drill in Rushmere Bottom.

2. Skeleton-Drill in the Long Valley.

3. "Doing the Papers."

SCHOOL FOR CAVALRY OF THE AUXILIARY FORCES AT ALDERSHOTT.



BEFORE JUDGE AND JURY.—VERDICT: "GUILTY."

LADIES AND THEIR HORSES.

BY LADY BRIERLY.

Riding by women is generally indulged in merely as a fashion. It is learnt because it is a necessary finish to the education of girls, it being considered right and proper that when presented, and launched into the world, they should be able to say they can ride, and, above all, be seen daily taking a morning gallop in the park. In such cases, the six or twelve lessons taken at a riding-school in town, or the erratic tuition given at odd times by a faithful groom in the country, are thought quite sufficient; and hence the numerous incapable riders so often seen, looking so miserable as to excite the pity of all beholders.

But when a woman learns to ride from a natural love of horses, fostered and encouraged by surroundings, habits, or inherited aptitude, then riding becomes an art and a science, in which some women have been known to excel. Such, however, are few, who not only love their horse, but who know all about him, his wants, his humours, his tempers; who sit well; who never pull his head, seeking thus to gain a *point d'appui* which should be found only in the saddle.

These women rarely come to grief, whether in the open country or when riding in town. They become, as it were, part of the horse; they are keenly alive to every passing influence likely to affect him. They know how to meet an unexpected danger, how to prevent sudden movements, how to avoid irritating a restive animal. Then it is that a woman on horseback proves a pleasant sight indeed, instead of being, as is so often the case, an object of amusement or of nervous dread to passers-by.

A few perfect horsewomen are to be found amongst the reigning families of Europe. The Empress of Austria's finished performances in the field are too well known to need notice here. But, before her time, the present Queen of the Belgians, who is still a skilled equestrienne and an excellent judge of horses, used to be known in Brussels as an accomplished rider, scientifically speaking; and to this she added a grace peculiarly her own, which distinguished her from any other living horsewoman. Her first care in the morning before breakfast was always to go to the stables where her own horses were kept, to see whether they had been properly groomed and well cared for. She never trusted anybody to buy her horses, and was often seen driving a beautiful team when that art was almost unknown amongst ladies.

There is a story told of her to the effect that when still Duchesse de Brabant the old King, Leopold I., was horrified to meet her once driving a four-in-hand. He bade her there and then to come down from her elevated seat, and she had to drive meekly back with him all the way to town, leaving her lovely horses to the care of the grooms.

At the time when this young Duchess became Queen, she and one other lady were the only two good women riders to be found in Belgium.

This young lady had great natural aptitude, and had had the advantage of being taught by the great Bellanger, who had been riding-master to Charles X. Under his tuition she went through all the phases of what is called the *haute école*, until she could ride and manage any horse with or without saddle, and jump anything. To a naturally good seat she added the much rarer gift of a light hand. As she grew more and more experienced her power over so-called unmanageable horses often appeared almost miraculous to casual onlookers; and sometimes even experts would wonder at her skill and success in breaking intractable animals.

When this lady came to England some years afterwards, having all her life heard of Englishwomen's talents as riders, she arrived quite prepared to learn from them what her previous training had lacked. We all know, however, what the riding in the park, during the season, generally is, and instead of learning, our friend found herself looked upon with admiration. As her talent became known, her father was asked to allow her to try to ride a horse pronounced incorrigible, as hitherto every trainer had found it impossible to teach him even the elementary rules of simple obedience; in fact, the horse was looked upon as hopelessly vicious.

It belonged to an officer in the Life Guards, and one morning it was brought to the riding-school by a groom, using freely very forcible language in his endeavours to obtain something like good behaviour from the animal. This, however, did not discourage Miss H., who was there all ready to mount. She first gently patted the neck of the beautiful creature, while she spoke some soft, endearing words which seemed to soothe him as if by magic. She followed up her advantage by giving him a piece of sugar, which he took quite gently from her hand, notwithstanding the groom's protestations that the animal would surely bite her.

Her next care was to inspect thoroughly the saddle, the bridle, the bit, &c., to make sure that all was right; and then she mounted him before the astonished horse had time to realise what was going to happen. When he felt her secure on his back he trembled all over with excitement and tried all in his power to throw her; but she proved a match for him. Her early training stood her in good stead; and after a while she rode him gently with the snaffle, and at last succeeded in making him trot, gallop, or walk as she pleased. After a week of repeated riding, and under the same treatment, she could do anything she pleased with this horse, which, being a fine, spirited animal, had simply been almost ruined by rough and highly injudicious treatment.

This illustration proves how necessary it is to have a light hand for riding well; but I doubt whether it can be acquired: I should be inclined to believe it is a natural gift; and any rider who possesses it will find that almost any horse will obey the slightest motion with ease, and stop or go on steadily. If, however, it should happen that he seems uneasy and fractious, if he opens his mouth and otherwise misbehaves himself, it will be a sign that probably the bit is badly adjusted and requires attention.

The three essential qualities for the hand are—firmness, gentleness, and lightness. Firmness, however, means that its degree must exactly correspond with the feeling of the horse's mouth. Good judgment is required here until a rider learns so to identify herself with her horse as to know exactly the amount needed. To acquire this knowledge demands that delicate intuitiveness of perception which in other vocations of life is called tact. Therefore I would say—treat your horse's mouth with tact. There ought to be no abrupt change of action, nor a monotonous sameness of conduct. In this case, as in everything else, a reasonable *juste milieu* should be followed.

Riders should always be on the alert. Nothing is more dangerous than a careless, slovenly style of riding.

Before mounting always examine the saddle, girths, straps, bits, bridle, &c., and see that all are good and well fixed. The *œil du maître* is wanted here to ensure security and success.

One of the principal faults of ladies' riding is the use they make of the stirrup, which should never bear more than the natural weight of the limb. The ungraceful, sideway seat of many women is greatly due to this mistake.

Spurs should never be used by ladies, unless they are accomplished and experienced riders in the hunting-field, and then only with the lightest touch sufficient to produce the

desired effect. The dangers to which a woman with spurs exposes herself are so far and above the casual help she may derive from them that it would be as well if they were never used at all. Many a runaway horse has been urged on to his own destruction by his terrified rider unconsciously driving her spur into his side.

It is best to ride with a snaffle, and a large and polished bit. Never rely on the reins for support; remember that a horse is not a donkey, and never use them to *hold on by*. The arms should never be used for the management of one's horse, the hands and wrists alone being quite sufficient.

Never attempt to manage your horse with any show of temper, it would simply ruin him and nullify all your previous endeavours to train him. A cool head and calm manner alone will overcome most of those inexplicable vagaries in which the best of horses will sometimes indulge as if it were to test their riders' skill. If once your horse feels he can be master, and that he has it in his power to make you lose your head, he is prompt to avail himself of it, and he will repeat the successful trick many times, till it becomes impossible to break him of his bad habits.

It is the absence of passion, blended with prompt and calm decision, which make the English the best riders and drivers in the world.

It is impossible to give here a minute and detailed description of every rule of good riding—the subject has already been exhausted in many excellent books. What I want, above all, to impress on every woman aspiring to ride is the folly of attempting to do so in public, or in the open country, before having been thoroughly taught.

If riding-exercise is imperative to the health of a woman not accustomed to it, she ought to do so, moderately, in a riding-school, where the horses are not easily disturbed or astonished by any erratic performance their rider may like to indulge in. If this principle were strictly followed, the numerous sorry sights daily seen in the park, and the dreadful accidents so often heard of, would become rare indeed.

One golden rule I would add here which also holds good in all things in life. As soon as you are able to try your powers—whether mental or physical, whether you attempt to follow art, or sport, or science, or business of any sort—give up without hesitation what, after a fair trial, you find yourself unable to excel in.

No one can be equally good at many things. If you cannot ride well, and lack the necessary qualities for it, very likely you possess other abilities which may raise you above the crowd, and even excite the admiration and wonder of all. Why should girls endanger their lives by doing what they were never fitted for by Nature, while the very faults which make them bad horsewomen may be actual virtues if applied in the right direction?

THE POOR CHILDREN OF LONDON.

The lot of the little waifs and strays, familiarly called "City Arabs," should soon be less hard, if not "a happy one." On April 10, the annual meeting of the excellent Poor Children's Aid Society was held at the offices of the School Board for London, under the presidency of Lord Cranbrook (Lord President of the Council). According to the second annual report, the total receipts for 1888 amounted to £1407, and the third year was commenced with a balance in hand of £268.

During the past year the total number of centres at which food was provided was fifty-six, meals being given to the number of 104,640; grants of clothing were made to 2260 children, the garments provided reaching a total of 5594. Over 500 sabots have been accepted by children, who, but for the wooden shoes, would have remained barefooted, and seventy-eight children had visited the holiday home.

The Chairman said that when he came to investigate the work of the society he found it of a character which secured its supporters against deception, as the hand was wisely directed as well as the heart. He was convinced that food was as necessary for the mental operations of mankind as it was for the physical. No position was more terrible than that of the waifs and strays wandering about London. The Poor Children's Aid Society intervened in their case to do good, and he commended earnestly to the consideration of those present the interests of the society.

Professor Gladstone (vice-chairman of the School Board) moved the adoption of the report, in the absence of the Lord Mayor. Mr. George White seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. J. Kirk (secretary of the Ragged School Union), and carried unanimously. The Rev. J. R. Diggle, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Sims, Canon Barker, and others spoke, an appeal being made on behalf of the funds of the society.

The wonderfully realistic panorama of the Niagara Falls, the work of M. Philippoteaux, continues to be attractive, as it well deserves to be, in York-street, Westminster, close to the St. James's Park station of the District Railway. Mr. John Hollingshead, the manager of "Niagara in London," states that the total of visitors for the year ending March 11 reached 667,000. A duplicate "Niagara" is being erected in Paris, at the end of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in an ornamental garden with a café.

The annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers took place on April 11 in the Middle Temple Hall. The president, Sir George B. Bruce, was in the chair; and among the company were the Earl of Derby, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Bramwell, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., Sir James Hannen, Sir W. Grove, Admiral Sir Arthur Hood, Lord Justice Lindley, Sir Albert Woods, Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, Sir C. Hutton Gregory, the Lord Mayor, Sir J. Brunlees, Lieutenant-General Strachey, Professor Stokes, M.P., Mr. Aird, M.P., Mr. Pope, Q.C., and the representatives of several City Guilds. Admiral Hood, replying to the toast of "The Navy," said it was in a better state of preparation for war at this moment than it had been at any time for the last twenty years. Lord Derby contrasted the short-lived character of political institutions with the achievements of civil engineers, which were for all time.

The thirty-fifth annual meeting on behalf of Wesleyan Methodist Education was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Horseferry-road, Westminster, on April 10. Mr. G. J. Smith, of Truro, presided. The annual report was read by the Rev. David J. Waller, secretary of the Wesleyan Conference. From this it appeared that the cost of new buildings and refurnishing others in different parts of the country had amounted in the year to £41,708. The present total number of school departments was 843, an increase of three. The number of scholars for whom accommodation is provided, 178,918—an increase of 766; average attendance, 138,818—an increase of 1285. The total income of the schools is £240,760, an increase of £563; the total expenditure £246,377, a decrease of £12. In the Westminster and Southlands Training Colleges there are nearly 230 students in training as day-school masters or mistresses. The Connexional Sunday-schools number 6851, with 128,752 officers and teachers, and 908,719 scholars. Addresses on various aspects of day and Sunday-school education were delivered by gentlemen.

THE GREAT IMAMBARA AT LUCKNOW.

The city of Lucknow, or "Lakhnau," anciently "Lakhanavati," named from the mythological brother of Rama, the Hindoo demigod, who is its reputed founder, rose into magnificent prosperity under the Mogul Emperors in the seventeenth century, and was afterwards the capital of the Kingdom of Ayodhya, or Oude. The suppression and annexation of that ill-ruled Kingdom by Lord Dalhousie's Government, in the time of the East India Company's administration, was probably one of the main causes of the rebellion in 1857, and Lucknow became, in that year, the scene of military actions not less memorable than those of the siege of Delhi. The Residency, held by General Sir Henry Lawrence with a small British garrison, afforded a refuge to many of our countrymen and their families, women and children, who escaped massacre in the neighbouring parts of India. It was besieged, from June 30 to Nov. 20, by a large army of the revolted Sepoys and other rebels. Sir Henry Havelock, after defeating the enemy at Cawnpore, advanced to Lucknow, and succeeded, by four days' hard fighting, in effecting the temporary relief of the garrison, to which Sir James Outram also brought timely assistance. Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed, and the garrison had been reduced from about one thousand soldiers to less than five hundred, who had to protect 450 women and children and a large number of sick and wounded. The death of Havelock soon followed his entrance into the Residency; but Outram, who then took the command, held out until the city of Lucknow was besieged and captured by Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, with a series of conflicts at the principal buildings, more fierce and sanguinary than any other actions of that war.

The remembrance of such events is associated with the names of the Kaiser-Bagh, the Royal palace of the last King of Oude; the Dil-Khoosha, a palace in a large deer-park, which was the headquarters of Sir Colin Campbell; the Alum-Bagh; the Secunder-Bagh, which was stormed by our troops with terrible slaughter; and the Martinière, an edifice of fantastic architecture, designed for a school, erected by Claude Martin, a French soldier who in the last century became commander of the King of Oude's army. These great buildings have a splendid appearance on the first view, but are soon perceived to be of tawdry style and unsubstantial materials, fronted with plaster or stucco, and profusely decorated in a tasteless fashion. The finest architectural pile in Lucknow is that of which we give an Illustration; the Hosseiniabad Imambara, a college for the residence of the superior Mussulman clergy. It was erected, towards the close of the eighteenth century, by order of the Nawab Wuzer Azof-ood-Dowlah, the founder of the Royal dynasty. He invited all the architects of India to send in competitive designs; and that of Kai-fiat-ullah, which was preferred, was carried into effect at immense cost. The vast ranges of lofty arcades, rising successively above and beyond each other, and the numerous domes, turrets, and pinnacles of this superb group of buildings, with the cloistered courts, gardens, and raised terraces, have a magnificent effect.

THE DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG.

The Duke and Hereditary Prince of Nassau arrived in the Duchy of Luxemburg on April 10. Their Highnesses were welcomed at the frontier by a deputation headed by the Minister of State. The Duke made a suitable reply, after which the journey to the capital was continued. There were demonstrations of welcome at all places along the route.

On arriving at the Luxemburg Railway Station, the Duke was very heartily welcomed by an enormous crowd. A procession was formed which traversed the principal streets of the town; and on reaching the palace the Duke received the Council of State, the President of the Chamber, and other high functionaries.

A large crowd had meanwhile collected before the palace, and, after a time, in response to their repeated cheers, the Duke went to the window and bowed his acknowledgments. It was especially noted that the Duke had entered the country in the uniform of his old Nassau Army. The Hereditary Prince wore the uniform of an Austrian Hussar.

On the 11th the Duke attended a special sitting of the Luxemburg Chamber, and took the oath as Regent.

A portrait of the Duke was given in our last number.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY'S GUNS.

The officers of the field battery of the Honourable Artillery Company entertained a large number of friends at the headquarters of the regiment at Finsbury-square on April 11, to celebrate the return of the field-guns after their temporary sojourn at Woolwich, where they have been in charge of the Royal Artillery. The commandant of the battery, Captain Fry, was in the chair, and was supported by Major Jones, Major Baker, Major Raikes, and most of the cavalry and artillery officers, and many officers of infantry.

The meeting was as enthusiastic as it was numerous, being the largest that has taken place for a long time. The six guns, which had been brought from Woolwich by B Battery, under a cavalry escort, were objects of considerable interest. Captain Fry, in proposing "The health of the Queen," said that he believed that her Majesty had been greatly instrumental in bringing about the satisfactory termination of the recent troubles of the regiment, and this was hardly to be wondered at when they remembered that her father, her consort, and her son had all been Captains-General of the famous old company. The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Irving, in accordance with the custom which he established some years ago, will, during the months of May and June, play morning performances of "Macbeth" on each Saturday, closing the theatre on those evenings. The first matinée of "Macbeth" will accordingly be given on May 4.

St. Peter's, Eaton-square, was thronged with a fashionable congregation on April 11 to witness the marriage of Mr. Remington White-Thomson, of Eton College, to the Hon. Theodora Slater-Booth, second daughter of Lord Basing. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Millard, Vicar of Basingstoke, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. John Constable, cousin of the bridegroom. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent costume of given away by her father, wore a magnificent costume of white duchesse satin, draped with Honiton lace, tulle veil fastened to the hair with diamond stars and surmounted by a wreath of orange-blossom. There were six bridesmaids—the Hon. Diana Slater-Booth, the Hon. Lydia Slater-Booth, the Hon. Eleanor Slater-Booth, and the Hon. Cicely Slater-Booth, sisters of the bride; Miss White-Thomson, sister of the bridegroom; and Miss Ferguson Davis, cousin of the bridegroom. They wore dresses of cream-coloured silk, white tulle veils, and salmon-pink aigrettes, and carried bouquets of pink azaleas. Each wore a carbuncle and pearl pin brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Leonard White-Thomson attended his brother in the capacity of best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bridal party adjourned to the residence of the bride's father, in St. George's-square.



THE GREAT IMAMBARA, LUCKNOW.

CAPITAL LETTERS.

The reader does not require to be informed that, in the early days of the typographer's art, he was wont to shed capital letters over his work with a liberal hand. It does not appear that he acted on any definite system; for though the words chosen for this flattering prominence were chiefly nouns and verbs, they were not exclusively so, and you may sometimes read (in black-letter) that an "Object is Eminently Beautiful," or that "To Waste Time is an Egregious Sinne." It may very well be that the disciple of Gutenberg or Caxton was guided to some extent by the relative amount of "caps" and "lower case" at his disposal. An over-ingenious editor of Shakspeare has broached the theory that the "caps" which so freely occur in the original folios and quartos were intended by the poet to indicate the words which he wished to be particularly emphasised. I see an objection to this hypothesis in the fact that the mediæval printer never sent proofs to the mediæval author, and, further, most of the poet's plays were not printed from the poet's manuscript. Nor in the first folio is there any trace of a distinct purpose in the use of capitals. Opening it haphazard, I alight upon a speech of Benedick's in "Much Ado About Nothing": "He telle thee what, Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers, cannot flout me out of my humour; dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall wear nothing handsome about him." I submit that the words here capitalised are not the most emphatic. But, rule or no rule, the printers stuck to their "caps" until far into the eighteenth century; and so, in the books then printed, you come upon such a title as the following:—"The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Exceerable Sinne of wilful and premeditated Murther"; or such a sentence as this: "To say the Truth, I do not perceive that Inferiorty of Understanding which the Levity of Rakes, the Dulness of Men of Business, and the Austerity of the Learned would persuade us of in Women." This muster of capitals is certainly imposing—a trivial observation assumes quite a grand air, as a small diplomatist is raised into importance by his stars and crosses. But by degrees the practice fell into disrepute; printers reserved their "caps," and authors subsided into the humility of "lower case."

Half a century ago a fashionable novelist sought to revive something of the old prestige of the capital letter, and surprised his hearers by mysteriously elevating particular words into a position they had never before occupied. The author of "Pelham" was specially prone to employ this device upon certain unoffending adjectives, raising them out of their naturally humble condition by prefixing an article, clapping on a big initial, and making them do duty as nouns substantive—"the Good, the Beautiful, and the True!" Everybody knows the happy ridicule with which Thackeray chastised Bulwer Lytton's typographical affectation. Yet it was not *all* affectation; the great novelist was wise in his generation. He saw that the capitals raised his truisms into the Great Truths which titillated the fancy of his younger readers—sentimental misses in their teens, and versifying swains still beardless and smooth-chinned. "That which the superficial dread is in reality the Vivifier of the world—I mean the everlasting Spirit of Change." "A quick perception of the Ridiculous is necessary to the accurate insight into the True!" Ah, how Good is this, and how Beautiful! Remove the capital letters, my friends, and—but you might as well deprive of its columns the portico of St. Paul's.

It is not to be denied that there is a virtue in capital letters. For instance, they render admirable aid to the poet when he resorts to the ingenious figure known as *prosopopœia*, or personification. What a different thing is "the scourge of Hate" or "the lust of Revenge" to "the scourge of hate," "the lust of revenge"! In some recent poetry one would never detect the *prosopopœias* but for the *caps*! It really does one good to see a glittering array of these imposing initial letters all down the fair printed page, like colour-sergeants along the front of a regiment on parade. One feels that one's author intends to be treated with respect. Obviously, he has written something sublime, picturesque, or profound, to which in this delicate manner he invites one's attention, just as sentries are posted outside the residences of distinguished personages. One reads; and when one fails to detect the sublimity, the picturesqueness or the profundity, one humbly reproaches one's defective understanding. It *must* be there; for there are the capital letters!

I am constantly being struck by the immense importance of this typographical device, and I perceive that my contemporaries are quite as alive to it as I am. There are men of genius, the latchets of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, who occasionally lap me into sweet dreams with their eloquent disquisitions on the Religion of Humanity. Oh, my friends, think of that! What a sweet, what a blessed boon for suffering, sorrowing souls! What delightful thoughts it suggests of Comte, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Positivism! But substitute the "religion of humanity"—ah, that were a poor and unsatisfactory thing indeed! No man could possibly be happy in a religion with never a capital R to it! Then again, our Victorian philosophers—why, half their philosophy rests on a basis of capital letters. "The Unconditioned," "The Unknowable," "The Primordial Atom," "The Universal Consciousness"—who does not see that problems dignified with "caps" can be solved only by the Fearless and Impartial Inquirer, unshackled by Obsolete Creeds and free from the thrall of Effete Superstitions?

The present may fairly be called the age of capital letters. For these are no longer confined to the author and his printer: every profession, trade, and calling seeks to make cunning use of them. Even our Generals, now-a-days, are not above their employment, and manage them so adroitly that they expand a skirmish with half-naked savages into a Waterloo! The dignified reticence of a Marlborough and a Wellington went out with "Brown Bess": our Commanders have taken to the press and the platform, and write and talk in capital letters. As for our politicians—Heavens! a cold shudder runs through me as I think of the abject helplessness into which they would sink if our printers' cases were ever to fail in the supply of capital letters! "Integrity of the Empire!" "Wave of Democracy!" "Spirit of Nationality!" "Enlightenment of the Masses!"—how could they get on, these political advisers of ours, without the alluring initials? How could they assure their constituents of their heroic resolves to develop Imperial Interests, and support the Old (or the New) Institutions? I have observed, too, that Archbishops and Bishops—not to speak of less important ecclesiastical dignitaries, now yield to the prevalent epidemic, and that capital letters are judiciously sprinkled over their pastorals and speeches. Society at large profits by such illustrious examples, and a fierce competition exists between Smith and Jones, and Brown and Robinson, to figure most conspicuously in the typographical arena. Mrs. Brown-Smith gives a ball, and, straightway, glowing paragraphs, bright with capital

letters, blossom out in the society papers. Miss Ladbroke Square is wedded to Mr. Waterloo Place; and full descriptions of her wedding dress, her travelling dresses, and her tea-gowns, her bridesmaids' dresses, and her mamma's dress are immediately published to edify a wondering world. Some personages work themselves into quite an extensive publicity by a systematic manipulation of capital letters. Admirably worded paragraphs record their wealth, their luck, their entertainments, their donations, their patriotism, their journeys, their purchases, their political principles; and these are obligingly copied from one newspaper to another, and repeated day after day with ingenious variations, until the public catches fire, and the *coup* is made. As for "the profession"—that is to say, the theatrical profession—I am informed that its members are not insensible to the advantages to be derived from well-managed advertisements (in capital letters); and as publicity is to them the breath of life, they are not, perhaps, to be severely criticised. It is credibly reported that as an actor increases in popularity, so does the size of the capital letters in which he proclaims his capabilities: but perhaps it is the other way, and that as the size of the capital letters increases in which an actor proclaims his capabilities, so does his popularity. For generation after generation the medical profession has sat entrenched behind a barrier of icy exclusiveness; but at last the ice has melted, and physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners—are these the three degrees of the medical hierarchy?—now show as keen a sense as any of their contemporaries of the worldly utility of capital letters.

It is, I suppose, to make confession of crass ignorance and obsolete prejudice when I humbly regret the recent rapid development of this self-advertising mania—this appetite for notoriety. But it is impossible to get rid of the apprehension that it exercises a deteriorating effect upon our social ethics—nay, upon our national character, and that much of the dignity and honour and proud reserve which formerly sweetened our public life is crumbling away under its fatal influence. Surely there is something unseemly in this general rush into the open arena—this eagerness at all risks to attract attention, and pose and posture before the crowd! Who am I, however, that I should don the preacher's robe, take my stand in the pulpit, and discourse to my superiors? And how should I presume to lecture others, when I am myself a sinner, and to these Desultory Observations (as an eighteenth-century essayist would have called them) append my subscription in—Capital Letters?

W. H. D.-A.

The death of General Francis Millen, a member of the Irish Nationalist party, is announced from New York.

The Bishop of Truro (Dr. Wilkinson), after consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in deference to the strongly-expressed wishes of the clergy of his diocese, has decided to postpone the question of his resignation until he has tried the effect of the rest that his medical advisers have ordered him to take. Arrangements are being made for carrying on the work of the diocese during his Lordship's absence.

Some discoveries of great importance to archaeologists have just been made at Pompeii, on the site of the supposed Greek Temple in the triangular forum. Excavations were being carried out there in the presence of Herr Von Duhn, professor of archaeology at Heidelberg, and a party of students. The vases and other objects found prove that the so-called Temple of Hercules, hitherto supposed to belong to the Greek period 600 B.C., is of much later origin, dating from about 400 B.C.

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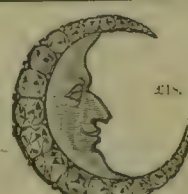


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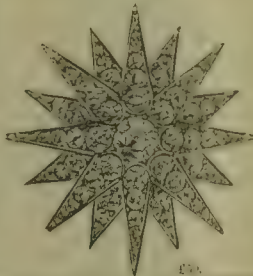
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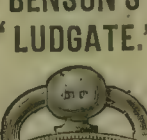
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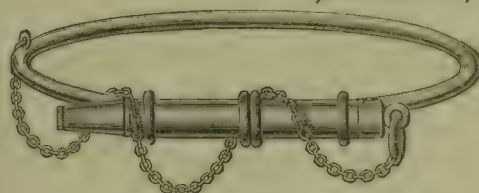
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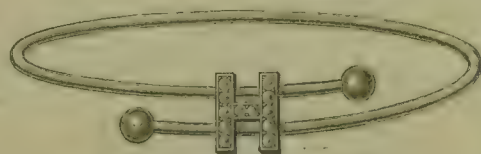


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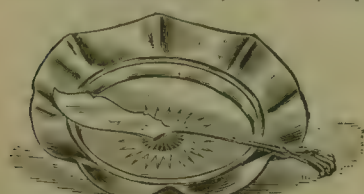
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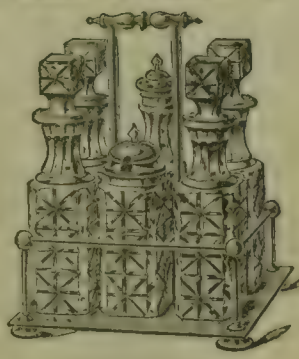
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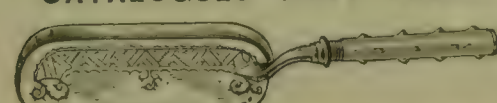
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Several events of interest to ladies have recently occurred in Parliament. In "Committee of Supply," Mr. Philipps moved that the grating in front of the Ladies' Gallery should be removed. This screen, which is a closely-barred grille, is a great inconvenience to women who want to hear the debates. The gallery is altogether bad and uncomfortable. Only those who secure the seats in the front row have any chance of seeing the House, and even to them it is trying and difficult to peer through the network of wire, closer than the screen of a Turkish harem. To hear without seeing is no less difficult than dull; yet this is the lot of all in that box who do not get one of the dozen front seats. Moreover, it appears from the debate that most of the ventilation of the house goes on through the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Plunket, it is true, denied this, and claimed that the respired air obligingly floats past us and goes out at some tiny holes in the roof. But Dr. Fitzgerald replied that "he declined to believe that the carbonic acid gas generated in the House could be conveyed through the points in the ceiling." The Ladies' Gallery, being the highest in the House, naturally, therefore, serves as a ventilator.

Once upon a time, the only place from which ladies could hear the debates was the opening in the roof which admittedly and confessedly was the ventilator. This space was in darkness, only such light coming into it as rose from below in company with the impure air. The Hon. Grantley Berkeley's annual motion to provide a gallery for ladies was as regularly negatived in just the same flippant and foolish spirit that hon. members now indulge in when it is a question of removing the grating. At last the reform was precipitated by an untoward event. Daniel O'Connell was to make a great speech on Irish affairs, and his affectionate and admiring young wife had promised to come to the ventilator to listen. As soon as his effort was concluded, the loving husband rushed up the stairs into the roof, and there, in the nearly dark seclusion, he saw one female form alone. Never dreaming that his own wife had disappointed him, the Liberator threw his arms round the lady and kissed her, with the question, "Well, my darling, how did you like it?" But it so chanced that the solitary lady was not Mrs. O'Connell, but a stately Duchess! The Ladies' Gallery with its grating forthwith came into existence.

As to arguments for the continuance of the grating now, there are none. Hon. members pretend to think that women up there assume some strange attitudes, or make it a place for wearing out old frocks; for they say that "the ladies sit more at their ease when hidden, and do not feel it necessary to dress up as they would do if they were visible." This, of course, is pure nonsense—so obviously such that one is sorry to find that men are not ashamed to utter it in the Forum of the World. Probably the real reason which maintains the barrier is nothing more than that unconscious Conservative instinct which Sir R. Fowler naively avowed when he said that his reason for voting against removing it was that it had been there for twenty years. If there is any sincere idea on the part of members that the women who attend the debates like the obstruction, they should let a voting-book lie for a Session at the door of the gallery, and each visitor be invited, as she leaves, to record her opinion, with her name and address. But the reform which I expect and desire is a far more sweeping one than the mere removal of that grille. It is the opening of the ordinary Strangers' Gallery to women as well as men. Why

not? It is generally admitted, now-a-days, even by opponents of the female franchise, that women ought to care for the great questions of politics, which affect their interests and concern their consciences equally with men's; and as the separation of the sexes is not customary anywhere else in our society, it cannot permanently be maintained in studying politics at first hand in the House of Commons, once it is realised that women are interested in doing so seriously.

That this is hardly realised yet, might perhaps be inferred from the refusal of the leader of the House of Commons to put off the Easter holidays by one day in order to take a vote on the Women's Suffrage Bill. However, this must not be looked upon as conclusive evidence of the intentions of the Government about that measure, or of the indifference of the House. The passing of a new Franchise Bill is by tradition and common-sense held to imply an early dissolution of Parliament, in order that the new electors may express their view of the Government. Now, the existing Ministry have no intention of dissolving Parliament at present, and to pass the enfranchisement of women would thus be an embarrassment to their plans. Again, the influential protest which has been made against Mr. Woodall's Bill, as specifically excluding from its benefits women qualified to vote by ratepaying or property-holding who may be married, has damaged its chances. The protest against that proviso has been signed by a large number of the earliest and most influential advocates of women's suffrage, including Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Malleson, Canon and Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, and Mrs. Scatcherd. Mr. Woodall's tactics in this respect may possibly have conciliated a handful of half-hearted supporters; but when they have, on the other hand, alienated so many warm friends, his failure is not surprising. No marked and difficult legislation can ever be accomplished by feeble trimming on the part of the advocates of the measure. It leaves nothing for the House itself to do; and the House loves to arrange a compromise.

The other matter specially affecting women which has come up in the House of Commons is the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. It was the Scotch measure which was taken this time, and it passed the House of Commons, as similar Bills for England have done repeatedly, only to be destroyed by the influence of the Bishops in the House of Lords. One of our most mischievous social blunders is that we will all of us so often try to make other people do what we think right in matters which do not concern us. Public opinion, and law which is public opinion crystallised, ought to interfere in checking acts which, in their consequences, pass from their perpetrators to other people. Thus, the marriage of too near kin demonstrably injures society, both by damaging the security of the household and by injuring the health of the race. But as regards the deceased wife's sister, if people who think such marriages forbidden refrain from them personally, how can it hurt them if other people, thinking differently, contract the unions? There is something wrong, surely, about a state of the law under which a couple legally married in her Majesty's Colonies are declared unmarried if they come to live over here, their union unlawful, and their children nameless; and in face of which, further, such illegal unions are openly lived in without the parties incurring general social disapprobation? Almost everybody knows a woman married (in her own eyes, but not in those of the law)

to her deceased sister's husband, with the sanction of her own and his relations, and mixing in society without any difficulty. A law so made a negation by social sentiment can hardly permanently remain. A recent addition to the ranks of these heretics of the marriage laws is Professor Huxley's youngest daughter, who was married in Sweden on April 1 to her late sister's widower, the well-known artist the Hon. John Collier, Lord Monkswell's son. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Mr. A. M. Battye, engineer of the steamer Gulf of Trinidad, who arrived at Plymouth on April 14 from Barbadoes, narrates an almost unexampled adventure which befel him during the voyage of that ship. The Gulf of Trinidad, while voyaging from Iquique for Europe, encountered heavy weather, during which, on a dark night, Battye was washed overboard. The accident was observed on board, and a life-buoy was immediately thrown over and the vessel stopped. Battye sank deeply when reaching the water, but on rising to the surface he struck out swimming and reached the life-buoy. The way on the steamer had carried her far beyond him, and though the boat was lowered, the prospect of finding him, in such weather and at night, was almost hopeless. Battye soon ceased to see the ship, and when daylight broke he found himself alone on the life-buoy a hundred miles, so far as he knew, from any help. He kept afloat throughout the next day, although the tropical heat of the sun was intense. The following night he suffered terribly from being without anything to eat or drink, and in momentary danger of being swallowed by the sharks of that region. Another day he held on with amazing endurance, his physical exhaustion and mental anxiety being intense. For the next night he ceased to feel hungry, but suffered from excessive thirst. The third day dawned to find him still in the same position. On the evening of that day a Norwegian barque passed close by him, the steersman of which saw an object in the water, and thought he saw Battye move. The barque was immediately put about, and a boat lowered, and after a short search found the buoy with Battye still clinging to it, although when taken on board the barque he was insensible. He was treated with great care and kindness by the Norwegians, and, being transferred to a home ship, has arrived in Plymouth to tell his marvellous tale. He is a fine young man, about twenty-three years of age. The Norwegian captain retained the life-buoy as a memento of the wonderful adventure. Battye has proceeded to the Home in London.

Mr. Gladstone has accepted the offer to confer upon him the freedom of the borough of Cardiff.

Out of thirty Justices of Peace whom the Earl of Rosebery, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of West Lothian, has appointed to the magistracy, three are working men.

One hundred and five specimens of Australian birds have been presented to the Royal Colonial Institute by the authorities of the Australian Museum at Sydney. The birds have been mounted in glass cases, and are now exhibited at the Institute.

Lady Derwent laid the foundation-stone of new Sunday schools at Cloughton, near Scarborough on April 13. The Queen gave the site of the schools, and £200 towards the fund for the restoration of the parish church.

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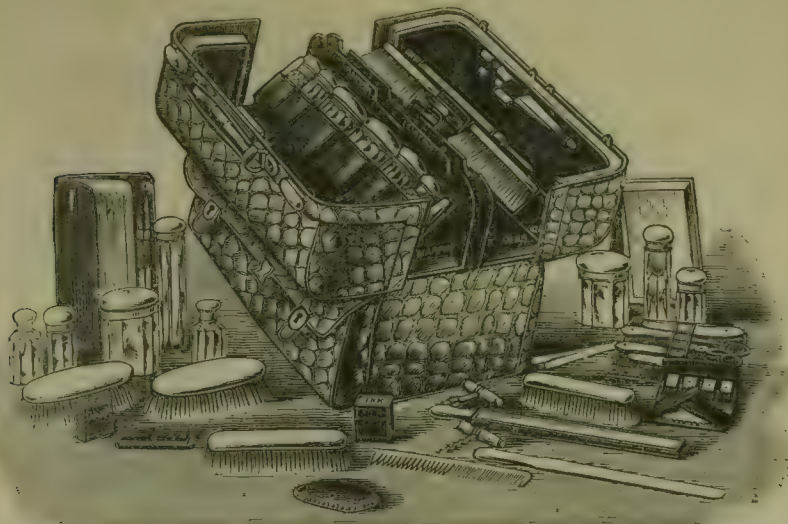
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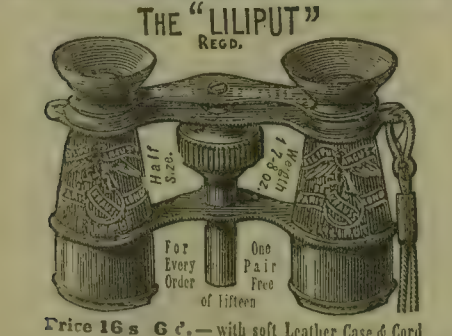
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OBITUARY.

THE REV. SIR F. GORE OUSELEY, BART.

Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Canon of Hereford Cathedral, founder and Warden of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, and long Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, died at Hereford, April 6. This accomplished musical composer, and exponent of the art and science of music, was born in London in 1825, son of the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, the eminent Orientalist and Ambassador at the Courts of Persia and St. Petersburg, and succeeded to his father's title in 1844. In 1849 he was ordained and appointed to the curacy of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which he held until 1851. In 1850 he took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford, and four years later he became Doctor of Music. Upon the death of Sir Henry R. Bishop in 1855 he was appointed to the professorship of music at Oxford, and in the same year was ordained priest and appointed precentor of Hereford Cathedral. In the next year he became Vicar of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, which he had erected at his own expense, for the education of choristers, and where he collected a valuable library of music. Sir Frederick Ouseley composed two oratorios ("St. Polycarp" and "Hagar"), also many anthems and pieces for the organ, and arranged (with E. G. Monk) "The Psalter" for chanting. He also composed several glees and songs. His "Treatise on Harmony," "Treatise on Counterpoint," and "Treatise on Musical Form and General Composition" have become recognised text-books. He was unmarried, and the baronetcy expires with him. Sir Frederick's portrait is given on another page.

THE HON. HENRY HANBURY-TRACY.

The Honourable Henry Hanbury-Tracy, formerly M.P. for Bridgnorth, died on April 6, at his residence, No. 26, Eccleston-square, S.W. He was born April 11, 1802, the second son of Mr. Charles Hanbury-Tracy, Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire (who was raised to the Peerage as Baron Sudeley of Toddington in 1838), by Henrietta Susannah, his wife, the only child and heiress of Henry, eighth Viscount Tracy. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for the county of Montgomery, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Montgomery Militia. He represented Bridgnorth in Parliament as a Liberal from 1836 to 1838. The deceased gentleman married, Jan. 19, 1841, the Honourable Rosamond Anne Myrtle Shirley, daughter of the late Viscount Tamworth, eldest son of the seventh Earl Ferrers, and by her, who died April 2, 1865, had issue, two sons and two daughters.

SIR J. BRADFORD.

General Sir John Fowler Bradford, K.C.B., late 1st Bengal Cavalry, died, on April 10, at his residence, No. 40, Norfolk-square, W., aged eighty-four. He was the son of the late Captain Edward Chapman Bradford, H.E.I.C.S., an Elder

Brother of Trinity House, by Eliza, his wife, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Fowler, of Stockton, in the county of Durham, and entered the Army in 1821. He became Captain in 1833, Major in 1844, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1846, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1858, Lieutenant-General in 1870, and General in 1876. He retired in 1877. He served in the Afghanistan Campaign of 1842, in the Gwalior Campaign of 1843, including the battle of Maharajpore, in the Sutlej Campaign of 1846, and in the Punjab Campaign of 1848, being present at the actions of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. In requital, he received the decoration of C.B., a bronze star, and three medals with clasps. He was made K.C.B. in 1871. He married, in 1824, Eliza Martha Maria, second daughter of Sir William Ouseley, LL.D., and was left a widower in 1875.

MR. CROFT, OF ALDBOROUGH HALL.

Mr. George Arthur Hutton-Croft, of Aldborough Hall, in the county of York, died on April 8, at Bath. He was born Aug. 29, 1829, the only son of the late Rev. Thomas Hutton-Croft, of Aldborough Hall, Canon of York and Vicar of Stillington, by Eliza Mary, his wife, sister of Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, Bart. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a Justice of the Peace for the North and West Ridings of York, and was formerly Lieutenant in the Yorkshire Hussars. He married, Feb. 12, 1867, Catherine Mary, elder daughter and coheir of Mr. Griffith-Richards, Q.C., and granddaughter of Sir Richard Richards, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Dowager Lady Monteagle, recently, at 17A, Onslow-gardens, in the ninetieth year of her age.

Mr. Thomas Daniel Fearon Tatham, of Althorne Lodge, in the county of Essex, on April 4, in his seventy-first year. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Essex.

Mr. Henry John Robert Osborn, D.L. for Bedford, on March 29, aged forty-nine. He was the eldest son of Sir George Osborn, sixth and present Baronet, by the Lady Charlotte Kerr, his first wife, sister of the ninth Earl of Antrim.

General Henry Eyre, Colonel of the East Lancashire Regiment, on April 10, at Middleton-Tyas, Richmond, Yorkshire, in his eighty-fourth year. He entered the Army in 1817, and rose to the rank of General in 1874.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Dawson, late 6th Foot, on April 4, at Warwick House, Hastings, aged seventy-two. He served in the Kaffir War of 1846-7 (medal) and in the Indian campaign in 1858-9 (medal).

Canon B. H. Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, at Torquay, on April 8, after a short illness. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Rann Kennedy, was born near Birmingham in 1804, and was consequently in his eighty-fifth year. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and at Shrewsbury, and proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. as Senior

Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medalist in 1827, and was elected Fellow of St. John's in 1828. In 1836 he was appointed Head-Master of Shrewsbury School, which he resigned in 1866, and was appointed Canon of Ely and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1867.

Mr. William Robert Wills-Sandford, of Wills Grove and Castlereas, in the county of Roscommon, on April 3, aged forty-four. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas George Wills-Sandford, of Wills Grove, and was formerly Captain in the 2nd Dragoons.

The Hon. Mrs. Ogilvie-Grant (Eleonora), widow of the Hon. George Henry Ogilvie-Grant, brother of the seventh and ninth Earls of Seafield, and fourth daughter of Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming, second Baronet, on April 5, at Bournemouth, aged fifty-eight.

Lady Fludyer (Augusta), wife of the Rev. Sir John Henry Fludyer, fourth Baronet, M.A., Rector of Ayston, in the county of Rutland, and daughter of Sir Richard Borough, first Baronet, at her residence, near Uppingham, on April 10, in her eightieth year.

The Rev. Walter Clark, M.A., Head-Master of Derby School, on April 12. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Coventry Schools, being captain of the latter; and was elected a scholar of Magdalen College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. in second-class Classical Tripos in 1860. He was ordained two years later by the Bishop of Manchester, and was Classical Master at Lancaster School till his appointment to Derby. The latter school has prospered greatly under his rule.

The football match between England and Scotland was played at Kennington Oval on April 13, and resulted in the victory of the Northern team by three goals to two.

Mrs. Calverly Bewicke gave a successful dramatic recital on April 8, in the Westminster Townhall, for the benefit of the Samaritan Aid Fund of the Westminster Hospital. Archdeacon Farrar presided, and briefly stated the objects of the fund. The hall was well filled; and Mrs. Bewicke has been enabled, by her own unaided exertions, to hand over £50 to the Westminster Hospital for the Samaritan Aid Fund.

The Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays has issued its report for 1888, showing that there are at present under the care of the society 1117 orphan and destitute children of both sexes and all ages, as against 799 at the close of 1887. The society's income for the past year was £22,988, and there are twenty-seven homes in various parts of England belonging to the society. In all branches of the work there has been marked increase as compared with 1887. The children under the care of the committee are distributed as follows:—593 in the society's homes, 209 in other homes, but paid for by the society, and 315 boarded out under proper supervision. The value of the freehold and other property has risen from £10,677 to £12,826, and the number of church offertories received last year was 411, as against 260 in 1887.

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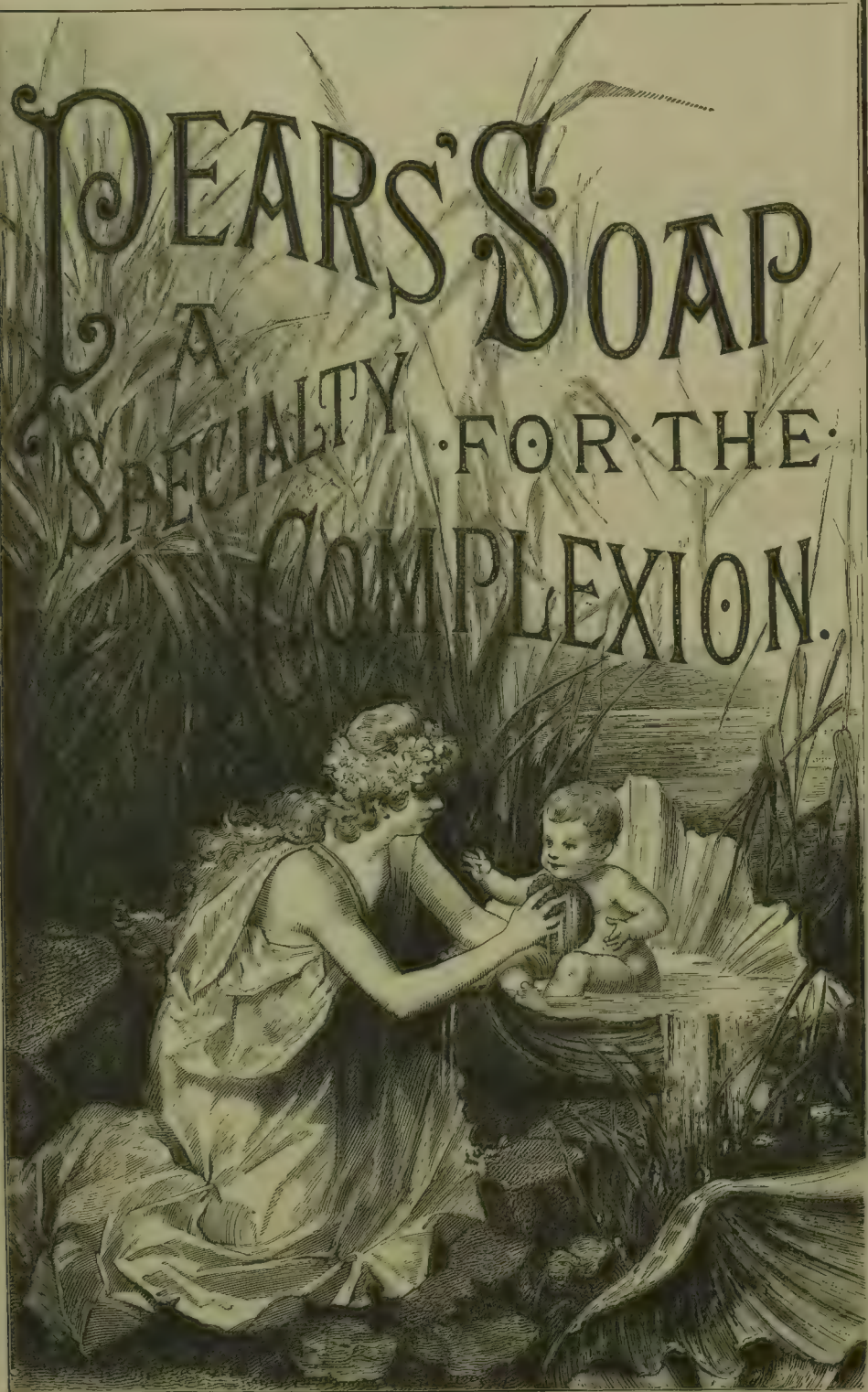
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 8, 1887) of Mr. Henry James Campbell, late of Lorne, Craigavad, County Down, who died on Jan. 23, was proved in London on April 5 by Howard Campbell, Garrett Campbell, and William Carson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £238,000. The testator gives £500 each to the Belfast Royal Hospital, the Belfast Charitable Society, the Presbyterian Orphan Asylum recently started in Belfast, and the Ulster Society for the Education of the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb; £300 to the Industrial School in Frederick-street, Belfast; all his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Victoria Langtree; an annuity of £200 to his sister, Ann McMordie; an annuity of £150 to his nephew Henry McMordie, and on his death £1000 to each of his children by his first wife; £5000 to Robert McMordie; £1000 to Henry McMordie; £3000 each, upon trust, for his nieces Elizabeth Monteith and Mary Ann McMordie; an annuity of £250 to Henry Langtree, and £3000 between his children; an annuity of £150 to Elizabeth Reilly, and £3000 between her children; £5000 to his niece Sarah Reilly; £3000, upon trust, for his niece Arabella Jaffe; an annuity of £150 to his nephew Albert Langtree; £5000 each to his nephews Charles Langtree and Michael Campbell Langtree; £2000 each to Jack and Gordon Langtree; £5000, upon trust, for his greatniece, Charlotte Heron; and legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The testator then goes on to say: "Whereas I am desirous of erecting, founding, and endowing a college in Belfast or the neighbourhood, to be called the Campbell College, to be used as a college or higher school, for the purpose of giving therein a superior liberal Protestant education, either with or without, as my trustees may decide, special advances in favour of the sons of ministers and others intending to enter the Christian ministry in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, or the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland, and also for giving therein a superior liberal Protestant education to all other persons who shall avail themselves of the advantage thereof. And I am also desirous of erecting, founding, and endowing a hospital in Belfast or the neighbourhood, to be called the Campbell Hospital. I direct my said trustees to stand possessed and seized of my residuary estate and effects, real and personal, and the rents and profits thereof, upon trust, to and for the use and benefit of the Campbell College and the Campbell Hospital, and that they shall be established in such a manner and be governed by such rules and regulations as my trustees shall decide."

The will, with two codicils (all dated Sept. 21, 1888), of Mr. John Walker, late of Westbourne House, Cheltenham, and of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, who died on March 9, was proved on April 5 by Fountaine Walker, the brother, the Rev. Charles Edward Ranken, and Stephen Wilkins Lavicount, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £178,000. The testator bequeaths to the Corporation of the Church House, Dean's-yard, Westminster, such of his books and pamphlets as they may choose, and the remainder thereof and his chromolithographs and prints to the Warden and Fellows of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; to the Grand Prior of the Hospital of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem his ten shares in the St. John, Clerkenwell-gate, Company; £1000 each to Francis Robert Fountaine Brown, Ellen Frances Walker, and Jane Walker; his horses and five debentures of the New Club, Cheltenham; to Stephen Wilkins Lavicount; and other legacies to relatives and servants. He further states that he has been in the habit of giving one-tenth of his income to religious and charitable objects—an account of which he has kept—and, inasmuch as parts thereof may not have been paid up to the time of his death, he directs that these are to be paid, and any balance over, for the current year, is to be given to the Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Society. The residue of his real and personal estate is left, upon trusts, for accumulation until the youngest child of his sister Louise attains the age of twenty-one, when the whole is to be divided between the children of his said brother and sister, per capita, the shares of the sons to be double those of the daughters.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1888) of Mr. John Thwaites, late

of Troy, Blackburn, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 12 last, was proved on March 6 at the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Ada Jane Prudence Thwaites, the widow, William Henry Hornby, M.P., and Hugh Evans Thwaites and Gilbert Evans Thwaites, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £164,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, during her widowhood, an annuity of £2000 and the use of his mansion-house and grounds, with the furniture and contents thereof, but in the event of her electing not to reside there she is to receive an additional £200 per annum; and £8000, upon trust, for each daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Henry Wright Anderson, late of No. 6, Stanley-crescent, Notting-hill, and No. 9, St. James-street, who died on March 3, at Bourne-mouth, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Frances Laura Wright Anderson, the widow, Frederick Bidgood, and George Parkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £137,000. The testator gives £5000 each to his sons, William Henry Wright Anderson, and Charles Wright Anderson; £5000, upon trust, for his son Percy Wright Anderson; £10,000, upon trust, for his two daughters, Laura and Emily; £200 each to his executors, Mr. Bidgood and Mr. Parkinson; £500, all furniture, &c., and the use, during widowhood, of his house, to his wife; £1000, upon trust, for Nellie Hopwood; £200 to his son William, upon trust, to distribute among his work-people; and legacies to people in his employ. His son William is given the option of taking over his business in St. James-street on certain conditions. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; but in the event of her again marrying she is to receive the income of £20,000, and, subject thereto, all his property is to be held, upon trust, for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 18, 1888) of Mr. Philip Henry Muntz, J.P., late of Somerset House, Leamington, Warwick, M.P. for Birmingham 1868-85, who died on Dec. 25, was proved in February at the Birmingham District Registry by Frederick Augustus Muntz, the son, and Robert Harding Milward, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £95,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture and effects, and the interest of all Consols and Grand Junction Waterworks debentures to his wife, but should the said interest amount to less than £1000 per annum, then the balance is to be made up out of his residuary estate; £1000 each to his daughters, Marie Berdmore and Florence Augusta Ogilvie; £1000 to his grand-daughter, Hilda Wergman; £2000 to his grand-daughter, Maud Alice Muntz; £2000, upon trust, for Nina and Emma Nelson; £10,000, out of the capital of the firm of Muntz and Pruden, to his son, Frederick; £100 each to the General Hospital, the Queen's Hospital, the General Dispensary, and the Blue-Coat School (all at Birmingham), and the Institution for the Blind at Edgbaston; £6000 each to his daughters, Rosalie and Emma; all his property in South Africa to his said daughter, Mrs. Ogilvie; and he charges his real estate at West Bromwich with annuities of £200 each to his daughters, Mrs. Ogilvie and Mrs. Berdmore, and £150 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Emma Muntz. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons, Philip Maurice Muntz and Frederick Augustus Muntz, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1877), with six codicils (dated Oct. 5, 1878; March 16, 1880; May 30, 1882; June 1, 1885; and March 19 and May 1, 1886), of Mr. Edward Evans, late of Gortmerrow House, Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone, who died on Feb. 3, was proved in London on April 11 by Robert Henry Bland and George Evans, the nephews, the value of the personal estate exceeding £70,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his niece, Alicia Campbell Evans; £3000 to his brother, the Rev. George Evans; £2000 each to his sisters, Mrs. Sherrard and Mrs. Bland; £2000 to his nephew Arthur Kelly Evans; £1000 each to George Evans, Elizabeth Evans, and George Matthews; £1100 to Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson Kelly Evans; £1300 to Robert Henry Bland; £500 to the Tyrone Protestant Orphan Asylum; £25 each to the Vicar

and Churchwardens of the parishes of Killyman, Drumglass, and Donoghmore, for the relief of distressed members of the Church of Ireland in those parishes; all his furniture, live and dead stock, crops and farm implements, all arrears of rent, and all interest and dividends on railway and other securities up to the time of his death, to his nephew George Evans; and many other legacies. He settles his mansion-house, and the farms and lands in Tyrone and Galway, upon his said nephew, George Evans, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves to his said nephew, George Evans.

The will (dated April 14, 1888) of Mr. Pearson Biggs Ferguson, J.P., late of Bank Field, Prestwich, near Manchester, who died on Jan. 19, was proved in the Manchester District Registry on March 7 by William Bates Ferguson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator gives all his property wheresoever and whatsoever to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1885), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1886), of Mr. Edmund Boughton, J.P., formerly of Stoke, near Coventry, and late of Edgbaston, who died on Jan. 27, was proved at Birmingham in March by Augustus Frederick Godson and Julius Alfred Chatwin, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. Subject to a legacy to his wife, whom he has by deed already provided for, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his four children—Mrs. Anne Robinson Jones, Henry Percy Boughton, Mrs. Edith Isabella Chatwin, and Mrs. Jane Charlotte Godson—in equal shares.

At a special meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, held on April 15 at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland-avenue, Mr. R. A. Valpy read a paper giving an account of an inquiry into the condition of the poor in Central London.

On April 17 the Judges rose for the Easter vacation, and there will be no further sittings in court until Tuesday, the 30th.—At the Central Criminal Court on Monday Patrick Molloy was sentenced to six months' hard labour for having committed perjury before the Parnell Commission.

The report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board for 1887-8, which has just been issued, shows the extensive range of the central sanitary administration in this country. It deals with such various matters as vaccination, inspection of shipping, construction of hospitals, epidemics of fever and diphtheria, communication of cow diseases to human beings, lead-poisoning by public water supplies, and a host of other subjects affecting the health of the community.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on April 15 at Adelphi-terrace, when Surgeon-General Gordon, C.B., read a paper on the ethnology and chronology of China, in which he gave the results of his own investigations in China, and reviewed the statements of various writers on the subject. Among those who joined in the discussion, or sent communications, were Sir Thomas Wade, Professors Legge, Leitner, De la Couperie, and others.

The annual report of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants states that the total income of the society from all sources amounted to £20,652, and the total expenditure to £9105, thus showing a saving on the year's operations of £11,547, and leaving a balance to the society's credit of £73,733, which was equivalent to £6 2s. 0½d. per member. Agitations for shorter hours have been carried on, and representations made to the chief officials on several lines, by different grades, but with little success.

At the last meeting of the committee of the Savage Club definite arrangements were made for the removal of the club from its present habitation in the Savoy to fresh premises on Adelphi-terrace. A lease has been taken of two houses there, and they are to be converted into one building by Mr. C. J. Phipps and Mr. W. J. Ebbetts, the architects of the club. It is expected that the new place will be ready for occupation by next Midsummer. At the same meeting several new members were elected, including Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., sculptor, and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, painter, "by selection." The limit of numbers has been raised from 400 to 500.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be available for an extended time.
The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside on Saturday, April 20, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 22, 23, and 24.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. train from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes on April 18 and 20 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton (Central Station) and West Brighton.
Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 6.45 p.m. train from West Brighton, or 7.10 p.m. train Brighton (Central Station). Fare, 5s.

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SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.
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EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT, GOOD FRIDAY; SPECIAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS, EASTER MONDAY.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY, from London Bridge, and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

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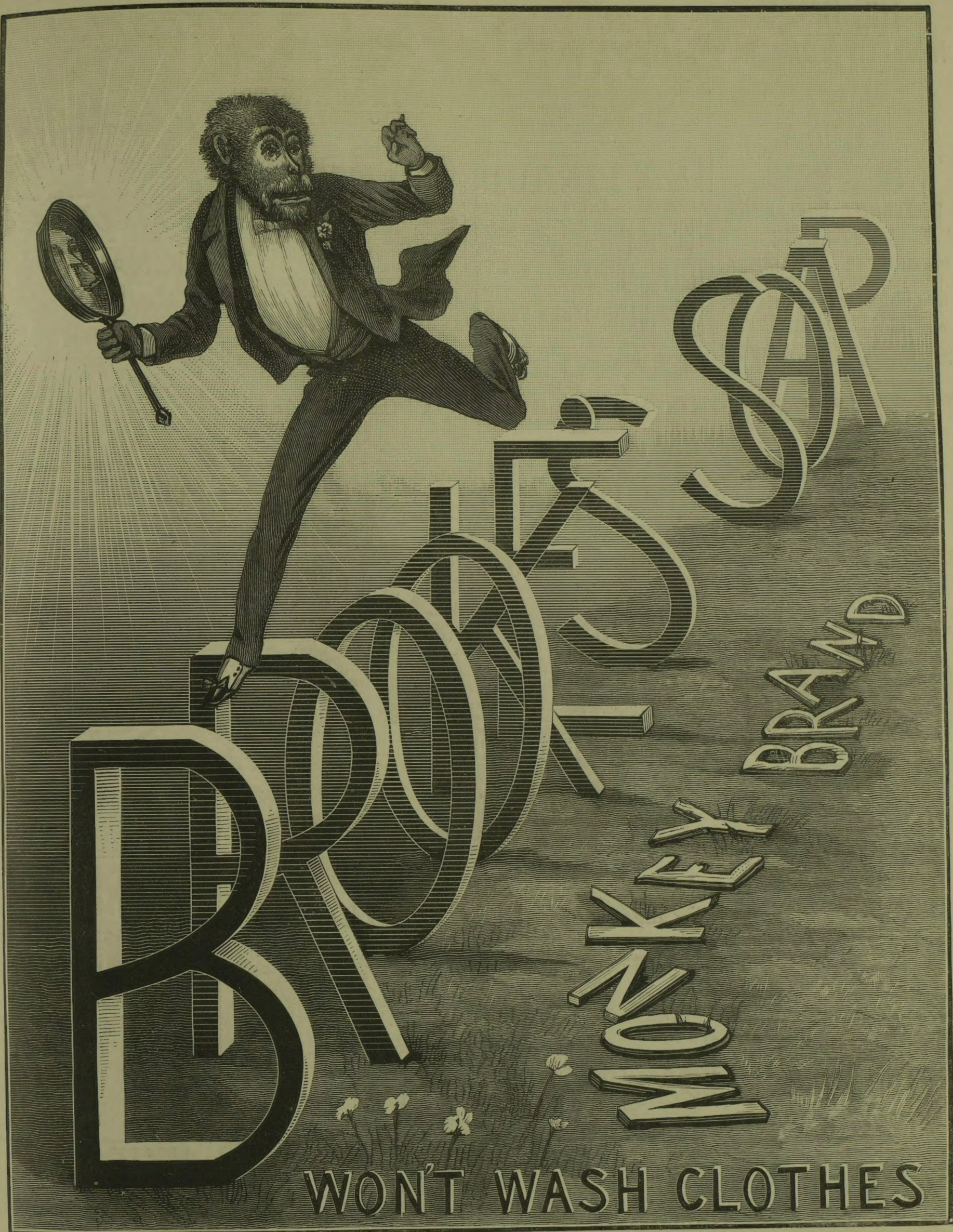
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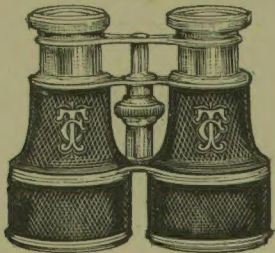
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